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S O L O N:

O R,

PHILOSOPHY

No Defence against

L O V E.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

With the Masque of

Orpheus *and* Euridice.

Written by Captain MARTIN BLADEN.

Parve nec invidio sine me Liber ibis in Urbem. Ov. de Trist.

L O N D O N:

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without Temple-Bar; and sold by J. Nutt
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SOLD

PHILOSOPHY

LOVE

TRAGEDY-COMEDY

With the History of

Orpheus and Eurydice

By James M. Smith

Author of "The History of the

Life of James M. Smith

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Solon.

IN days of Yore, when Heroes us'd to fight
For Honour sake ——— tho' they got nothing by't:
Sometimes it happen'd that in Ladies Cause,
Two friendly Knights by chance should come to blows,
Unfortunately thinking they were Foes.
Till after many a bruise and deadly Thwack,
They come to know, and Curse their sad Mistake.
So fares it with Philosophy, as tho'
Love, its best Friend, were its most mortal Foe;
As tho' most perfect Man did thus appear,
When strictly Proud, and rigidly severe.
As tho' exalted Reason were above,
The foolish dalliances of humble Love.
Ah! no, ———

Reason and Love can never disagree,
Which seems Man's most peculiar Property:
Most other things in which Men chief Excell,
Some subtle Brute or other does as well.
But Love, would they attempt it would be in Vain,
Love appertains to, and denotes a Man.
'Tis that's his Noblest, and his best Pretence,
To boasted Empire, and Preeminence.
'Tis Love, wild Nature's fire beats Controul,
Love lays the Cement to the very Soul.
Severest Tempers forces to be kind.
And tunes the jarring discords of the Mind.
'Tis Love that makes our Reason best appear,
Love is not Love, if Reason be not there.
In such a Cause, sure Solon need not fear,
The want of Powerful Friends among the Fair.
For sure they can't be Angry with that Man,
Who propagates their Empire all he can.
Let Leonissa too your Favour find,
And since to Solon she's so well inclin'd,
As you are like her fair, be like her kind:

E P E

THE
EPILOGUE,

Spoken as from the *Author*.

THE Author's self, Genteels, is come to day
Presuming that the Merits of his Play,
Almost Anticipate what he's to say.
The Method's new, himself thus to Address ye,
And therefore hopes, this time at least, t'will please ye.
For Novelty in this degenerate Age,
Alone upholds th' almost forsaken Stage.
Our Noisy Beaus thing Spirit, Sence and Wit
Such as did Wycherly or Etherege write,
Were only for our dull Forefathers fit.
D——me says one, I'd rather stink by half,
Than see a Play, that will not make me Laugh:
Right, says another, they may talk of Wit,
But Pleasures nought, but Enjouement d'Esprit.
If you my Favour, or Applause would win,
Give me a Scaramouch or Harlequin.
Yet all this taking grin, and Arch Grimace,
Soon turn'd old Jests — like Pinkeman's shy Face.
To them succeed D'ruell, Monsieur L'Abbee,
And then for easy Dancing, Subligny.
L'Espine's admir'd a while, and by degrees,
Ee'n bidious bawling Toft's wild Notes will please.
Nay — — —

So far your Love variety can win
That even Estcourt with Applause is seen,
And Gasperine's Faces on the Violin.

Why

The EPILOGUE.

*Why sure! by this time, then good Sence again
May hope to please you, and not hope in vain;
For tho' it be impossible at last,*

To cure your Madness, and reform your Taste.

Altho' the Native Beauty of good Sence,

Ye won't allow to please, a just pretence.

Yet ye must like it now, when it appears,

Because 'tis new, and has not hurt your Ears,

(God knows) these many — very many Tears.

That Sickly, Sneaking Virtue, Modesty,

(From which, we Poets, never can get free)

This Modesty then, will not let me say,

That this same Sence abounds so in my Play.

But I give you this sly Insinuation

What you should think on this Occasion,

To do me Justice and my Reputation.

For what the World says now, no Poet fears,

What Criticks think, he neither knows, nor cares,

But will himself be Judge — of's own Affairs.

So is the Biter lov'd by sturdy Rowe,

And Good he says it is, and shall be so.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Solon. General of *Athens*.

Thales. His Friend.

Pysistratus. A Nobleman of *Athens*.

Ariston. One of his Faction.

Syriscus. Another of the same Stamp.

Stratocles. A Captain.

Cleanthus. An Old Citizen.

W O M E N.

Leonissa. *Solon's* Mistress.

Cleodora. Her Friend and Confidant.

Phædra. Wife to *Cleanthus*.

Servants, Mobb, Soldiers, Prisoners and Attendants.

The Scene *A T H E N S*.

SOLON:

SOLO N:
 O R,
 PHILOSOPHY
 No Defence against
 LOVE.
 A
 Tragi-Comedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene Stratocles's Lodging.

Enter Stratocles and Syriacus.

Stratocles. **I**F the Senate would make me Governour
 of *Salamina*, I'd not be plagu'd to bring
 'em another Express; I believe the Town
 takes me for a Gazette, and every Puppy
 thinks he may have the liberty to read me—

B

Syriacus.

2
SOLO N: Or,

Syriscus. And so they should, if they'd pay for't; e'en make a Show of thy self at so much a Head, I'll engage they'll give more to see thee, than an Outlandish Monster.

Strat. Yes, till a Newer Monster come to Town, but thank *Japiter* the General will be here within this Hour, and then I shall be rid of 'em.

Syr. But why so uneasie? Methinks 'tis a pleasant thing to have ones Levy crowded in a Morning.

Strat. Then prithee stay here one half Hour; pass for me, answer all the troublesome Questions are ask'd you; and if you don't grow as weary of it, as a Woman is of her Husband's Company, when she expects a Gallant, I'll be hang'd.

Syr. I am sure I should not, for I would turn *Midas*, convert every Fool that came into Gold; lay such a Tax upon Impertinence, they should be weary of it sooner than I.

Strat. I can't complain much of Loss of Time, look there——

[*Stratocles Pulls out a Paper.*]

Syr. What's here?

Strat. Why the First Column contains the Fools Names; the Second, the Places they are never likely to have; and the Third, the valuable Considerations they have paid me for 'em.

Syr. But why so formal?

Strat. Why the whole World has been cheated with Form ever since it was made. With Form your Lawyer cheats you of your Estate, your Physician of your Life, &c. In short, there is no Manner of Business to be done without it.

Syr. Now then for the Particulars——*Imprimis*, Peter to be High-Priest of *Venus*, 50 Talents——prithee who's this, *Stratocles*? The Scandal Factor of the Party?

Strat. The same.

Syr. Item, *Cylon*, to be a High-Priest, a Colonel, or a Judge, 40 Talents——ha, ha, ha, a High-Priest, a Colonel, or a Judge,

Strat.

Philosophy no Defence against Love. 3

Strat. Look'ee *Syriscus*, you may make a Jest on't if you please, but I assure you the Gentleman is equally qualified for all these Offices.

Syr. Very likely—That is, he has as much Courage as a Priest, as much Religion as a Lawyer, and as much Justice as a Soldier—but to proceed—Item, *Æschines* to be the King's Advocate, 10 Talents in part, and 40 more to be paid the day he's sworn into the Office; ay, marry, Sir, this is making a Bargain like a Lawyer; is not this the Pacing Orator that was concern'd in my Cause?

Strat. Yes, What of him?

Syr. Nothing, only he took a Fee on to'ther side to betray me.

Strat. Poh, is that all? Lawyers and Whores take every Man's Money that comes, and forget the next day they have e'er seen him.

Syr. Hey day, *Diaulos*—To be Physician in ordinary to His Majesty, or Poet Laureat, 80 Talents—What is this the Fellow that disturbed the Ashes of a Noble Trojan Prince, that he might have an opportunity of murdering him in Heroic's, when his lucky Stars had placed him out of the Danger of his Mortal Recipe's.

Strat. 'Tis he; to do him Justice, he has Assurance enough for a Mountebank, and Formality for a Graduate Physician; you need not trouble your self with any more of 'em, the rest are Mobb, Bawds, Lawyers, Citts, Whores, Disbanded Officers, and broken Tradesmen. But to be serious, does the Senate really design to offer *Solon* the Crown?

Syr. Infallibly, I had it from *Pyssistratus*, who told me with a great deal of Joy, that his Dear Friend *Ariston* was to be Speaker for the Senate on this Occasion.

Strat. How can he play the Hypocrite so egregiously, did not *Pyssistratus* always aim at the Crown himself?

Syr. P'haw, nothing but the Effect of Youth, a little Ambition is naturally incident to his Age and Fortune,

but when his Kinsman was proposed, you may assure yourself, he furthered it as much as any one.

Strat. What signifies Relation when a Crown's in the way? Did not *Jupiter* turn his Father *Saturn* out of Heaven, and leave it to us Mortals for a Laudable Example to walk by?

Syr. Well, 'tis to no purpose to argue with a Man that is resolved to be of his own Opinion, but let the Change come which way it would, a Standing Commission, or a good Place will make it relish with you no doubt on't.

Strat. Why, I'm not so bigotted to Custom, but I'd change at any time for my Advantage. But who knows what understanding there may be between *Solon* and the *Senators*, they vote him King, and he perhaps is to make them Officers, and give 'em all these Places, I, and the Sanguin Puppies that were here to day, are gaping after.

Syr. You wrong 'em indeed, *Stratocles*; to my certain knowledge, they are so far from having any private understanding with him, they were not in earnest, when they voted him King.

Strat. Not in earnest, when they voted him King?

Syr. No, I assure you—but you fighting Heroes always take things, as they appeared, and never dive into the secret Springs and Reasons that give 'em Motion.

Strat. Come then prithee for once, my good *Oedipus*, laying aside all thoughts of Party and Faction, Solve me this State Riddle.

Syr. Why, look *Stratocles*, you know the Senate is divided into two Parties, one for *Solon*, and the other for *Pyfistratus*.

Strat. Good.

Syr. Now when the Question was proposed, what Reward should be decreed the General for his Service, up starts *Charmus*, and moves that he may have the Crown.

Strat. *Charmus*—Why he's one of *Pyfistratus*'s Party.

Syr. True, he is so, he did it for that very reason, Man.

Strat.

Philosophy no Defence against Love. 5

Strat. Mystery upon Mystery—*Pyfistratus* aims at the Crown himself, *Charmus* is one of *Pyfistratus*'s Party, and for that very reason *Charmus* moves that *Solon* may have the Crown: A very odd sort of a Syllogism truly.

Syr. Not at all, for as I told you before, he did not intend it should take effect.

Strat. How then?

Syr. Why then, he drew *Solon*'s Party into this Dilemma; that they must either disoblige *Solon*, by not agreeing to the Motion; or become odious to the People, by consenting to it; and the Form of Government once changed, *Pyfistratus* stood fair to be next Successor at least.

Strat. So then I find the Management of Affairs in the Senate House, is a perfect Game at Chess, where the best Player will have two Men for your one, move which you please.

Syr. Even so, *Stratocles*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's an Old Man below, says his Name's *Cleanthus*.

Strat. What, more Impertinence still? Sirrah, did not I tell you I would not be within to any Body?

Serv. I told him so at first very obstinately; but knowing I had once been door-keeper to a Senator, Sir, he found the way to my Heart, by doing something to my Hand.

Syr. Prithee let the old Fop come up for his Wife's sake.—

Strat. If he had brought his Wife with him, he might have been welcome; but I never knew a Sharper care for his Cully's Company, when he had no Money about him.

Syr. 'Tis ten to one but he has, for he is generally the sign of his Wife.

Strat. And She the Sign of a Cuckold.

Enter

Enter Cleanthus.

Clean. Dear Captain, your very humble Servant: I am glad to see you alive again, with all my Heart.

Strat. If you'll take my word for't, I never was dead yet.

Clean. So it seems, but I assure you I read it in the Newspaper.

Strat. If you believe your Newsmongers, they'll kill you more Men in a quarter of an Hour than die in a whole Campaign.

Syr. And he that lies at their Mercy, had he more heads than *Hydra* would lose them all.

Clean. On my word, Captain, you have made quick work on't; we scarce thought you Landed, e'er you brought us News that the Rebels were reduced.

Strat. Why the General fought like *Achilles*, and we all followed his Example. Truth 'twas but foolishly done of him, he might have made five years work of this Expedition very Honestly.

Syr. But I prophesie Generals in future Ages, will be wiser, and know how to spin out the War to the best Advantage.

Clean. And pray, Captain, did not the General look Gallantly after the Victory, ha?

Strat. No, you would ha' sworn he'd been the Conquered, not the Conqueror; he looked as humble as a disbanded Officer.

Syr. Then even Envy must confess he is the greatest Man that ever *Athens* Bred.

Strat. Ay, so it seems, since his Merits can extort such a Confession from your Mouth.

Syr. Why, troth I hate Singularity, and have more respect for my own Interest than not to adore the rising Sun.

Strat.

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Strat. I remember the time, *Syriscus*, when you and all the rest of *Pylistratus's* Faction, used to call his Philosophy, Pedantry, and his Humility, Affectation,

Clean. What a Cenforious Age do we live in?

Syr. Why, look'ee Gentlemen, you must needs confess, the Character of a Philosopher does look a little Romantickly.

Strat. That's true—but the King —

Syr. Ay, the King, as you say, may be what he pleases; he always has Ten Thousand more good Qualities in him, the first day he wears a Crown, than ever he had whilst he was a Subject.

Clean. But is not this brave News for you Captains?

Strat. Yes, I think so—Kings must have Guards, a standing Army, we shan't be hereafter laid aside till our Red Cloaths are Motheaten, and our Swords grown Rusty.

Syr. Nor reduced to starving, begging, or the more Gentlemanly Calling of Robbing upon the Highway.

Clean. Well, who would have thought *Solon* should ever ha' been King of *Athens*?

Syr. Who indeed, till yesterday? But perhaps the State is out of Order, and had a Mind to take a Vomit, for ten to one but She spues him up again.

Strat. For my part, I don't at all wonder at the Resolution; for *Athens* has been long in Love with him, and when we once have got our Mistress's Heart, She can deny us nothing.

Syr. But She might a had the Modesty, to have staid till She had been ask'd the Question.

Strat. Then She might have staid for ever for *Solon*; and as for Modesty, I must tell you, a Body Politick never Blushes.

Clean. Nay, that's the Truth on't, I always thought a Commonwealth a very slovenly ungentle sort of Government; and between you and I, Captain, I have a great inkling to be in some Post about the King; you have

have the Advantage of his Ear, I know Captain, (*pulling out a Purse, and gingling it*) you take me, Captain, don't you?

Strat. Yes, at your Word—give it me—I'll serve you effectually: (*aside*) hark'ee *Syriscus*; I have a great mind to banter this old Coxcomb, will you play your part in the Farce?

Syr. With all my Heart.

Strat. Look'ee *Cleanthus*, if you expect Preferment, you must be sure to follow my Direction.

Clean. Ay, to be sure?

Strat. Then you must know, *Cleanthus*, the General loves Philosophers mightily, because he's one himself; now if you were but a Philosopher, *Cleanthus*.

Clean. Hum, a Philosopher? What's that pray?

Syr. Why, a Philosopher, is a mighty formal, precise, sententious Person, that's moved at nothing.

Strat. A Man of so much Wisdom, and Patience, nothing can disturb him, no disappointments make him uneasy.

Clean. Nay, then I'm in a very good way I'll tell you but that, for my Wife does exercise my Patience most inordinately sometimes.

Syr. That's the Truth on't, Matrimony is as good a Test of a Man's Philosophy, as Poverty is of his Vertue.

Strat. But you must know, there are several Sects of Philosophers,—as Scepticks, Cynicks, Peripateticks, Stoicks, and Epicureans—Now which of these Sects, *Cleanthus*, would you be of?

Clean. Really I don't know what any of these Sects mean, but I would gladly be of that, which might please His Majesty best.

Strat. Why, he's a Stoick.

Clean. Then if you please I'll be a Stoick too.

Syr. But I fear, for a young Beginner in Philosophy as you are, that Sect will be something too difficult; methinks a Sceptick would suit you best.

Clean.

Clean. Nay, you know better than I, Gentlemen; But what is a Sceptick I pray? Hum, for really I long to be learning my Lesson.

Strat. Why, a Sceptick Philosopher is a Wise Man, who weighing well the Incertainty of Humane Affairs, never says positively I am of this, or that Opinion: This or that will be, but I doubt I am of this Opinion, and I doubt this will be.

Clean. As for Example—pray hear me now a little—I doubt I shall have a good Place at Court—

Syr. I doubt not.

[*Aside.*

Clean. Am not I an apt Scholar now, Gentlemen, ha? Was not that Right, I doubt I shall have a good Place at Court?

Strat. Oh, admirable well—

Clean. Ha, ha, ha, was it so; Ha, ha, ha, was it so?

Strat. Nay, now, you have spoilt all again; not a Smile for the World, Man.

Syr. O, have a Care of Laughing, *Cleanthus*; Philosophers never laugh:

Strat. Then as to your Walk, let's see you take a Turn about the Room. (*Cleanthus walks fast*) Hold, hold; not so fast; look'ee Philosophers do all things with Deliberation; (*walks slower*) So, that's as it should be.

Syr. Well, now, be sure remember your Instructions.

Strat. Patience, Scepticism, and Formality.

Syr. But I'm afraid you have forgot the Habit, *Stratotes*.

Strat. Right, I had so—here *Sannio*.

Clean. Many thanks to you for putting him in mind on't.

Enter Servant.

Strat. Go fetch me the Philosopher's Robes, that hang up in my Closet.

[*Whispers the Serv.* Exit. *Serv.*

C

Clean.

Clean. [walks up and down the Stage in a foolish posture] Now, should my Wife talk to me after her usual manner, I would rebuke her, and let her know, there is more respect due to a Philosopher.

Enter Servant with Robes.

Serv. Here they are, Sir.

Syr. So, now you must put on the Robes, and then you'll be a compleat Philosopher.

Strat. That is, provided he follows my Directions; for neither a long Beard, nor the Habit, can make a Philosopher; without the Right Form and Manner of Speech, and Action.

Clean. (*Looking on the Habit*) Sure, this is not the Habit of a Philosopher.

Syr. (*Aside*) Faith, thou art much in the Right on't.

Strat. Is not all ready? What, are my good Instructions lost upon you then?

Clean. Cry ye Mercy, Cry ye Mercy, really I had forgot; but I meant, I doubt this is not the Habit of a Philosopher.

Strat. Why, indeed, Philosophers in former Days did not wear such, but these are the proper Robes for modern Philosophers, I assure you.

Clean. Well, It may be so; and I would do any thing for a good Place at Court; but I fear I shall be laugh'd at.

Strat. No matter for that, Man; then you'll have an opportunity of showing your Philosophy.

Syr. And, I assure you, the Man that goes to Court, has occasion for a great deal on't.

Clean. Then, pray be so kind to help me on with them.

[*They help him on with them.*]

Strat. So, put on the Cap, now you are in your Pontificalibus; you look like what you are, and I dub you a Steptick Philosopher.

Clean.

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Clean. And how I pray? Hum! Do they sit well upon Me?

Syr. Oh, admirably well, as well as if they had been made on purpose for you.

Clean. (*Viewing himself*) Well, really, methinks it does look prettily—I fancy, I look a little like the King too, don't I, like Master like Man? Is it not, Captain?

Strat. Yes, yes, mighty like him.

Clean. Nay, that's the Truth on't, I always thought I should be a very wise Man, before I dy'd.

Strat. Ay, your very Countenance shows what you are.

Syr. So, now the Fool's compleat; prithee let's turn him out, that the World may share with us in the Jest.

Strat. Come, my Philosopher, now you are ready, we'll go meet the General.

Clean. Most willingly, but really I doubt I shall never able to reward your Kindness.

Syr. No, to be sure:

*For Fools still think you kindly use 'em,
Whilst you ingeniously abuse 'em.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Scene, The Streets of Athens.

Enter Solon, on one Side of the Stage, attended by Soldiers, Trumpets sounding, and Drums beating: On the other Side, Pisistratus, Senators, Ariston, Stratocles, Syriſcus, and Cleanthus.

Solon. **F**Orbear, my Friends, such Sounds as these
Suit not the Streets of Athens, which the Gods
Preserve in an Eternal Calm of Peace;
Our Arms and Lawrels here we should lay down,
Each Leader to his private State retire,

And study how to serve the Commonwealth
In Peace at home, as in her Wars abroad.

Ariston. *Athens* by me salutes her darling *Solon*,
Congratulates his safe Return, and thanks
Him for the mighty Services he's done her ;
O're-run with Luxury, and all the Ills
Of Lazy Peace, had not your Virtue roused
Her Lethargy, to her Eternal Shame,
The Bold *Megarians* had bereft her
Of the delightful Isle of *Salamine* ;
Therefore to show her Gratitude, she here
Presents you with that Crown, which did surround
The Temples of your Noble Ancestors.

Sol. My Services beyond their Worth you prize,
I fought for *Athens*, Heaven gave Success ;
To mighty *Jove*, not *Solon* give the Praise,
From *Salamina* may her Subjects learn
To tremble, and obey——And when so'ere
The Fates decree her Wars, constant Success
Attend her Ensigns ; may she never want
Judicious Men, to give her sound Advice,
Justly to deal Rewards and Punishments ;
May she have Unity within her Walls,
And grow the Envy of the Neighbouring States.

Arist. This wondrous Moderation, Noble Sir,
T'abstain from Triumph after Victory,
Adds to the Glory of your Arms, Allies
You to the Gods, and proves you worthy of
The publick Choice which will not be refus'd.

Sol. Alas, The publick knows not what she gives,
She knows not what Convulsions would attend
Shifting a Form of Government, that has
So long prevail'd, and is so well establish'd
By the Decrees of our wise Ancestors.
What tho' from mighty *Codrus* I derive
My Pedigree, yet since the wiser Gods
Have not thought fit the Scepter should descend,

By

By an uninterrupted Course to me,
I cannot answer to my self nor Heaven,
Despoiling *Athens* of her Liberty.

Omnes. A *Solon*, a *Solon*, a *Solon*.

Arist. Hark how the Joyful Crowd resound your Name,
They deem it far more glorious to be ruled
By such a Prince as you, than to be free;
Lo, *Athens* like, a longing Mistress flies
Into your Arms, and courts you to accept her Love,

Omnes. Long live King *Solon*, Long live King *Solon*!

Clean. So say I, Long live King *solon*—Now for a Place
at Court, (*Aside.*)

Arist. Their Hearts and Voice do both together move,
Both do proclaim you King, and Heaven,
Their Choice approving, does return the Sound;
Oppose not Heaven, then, but take the Crown,
Nor urge the Inconveniencies of Change,
Whatever Force effects, by Force may be
Undone again — But ours is Choice.

Sol. Now witness for me Heaven, I could deny
My Country no request but this—why should,
Ye Sacrifice the Liberty ye have
So long enjoyed—I cannot say
That I should moderately use that Power,
I'm so content without — And if I should
Succeeding Kings the Burthen may encrease,
And make your Yoak too heavy to be born;
Therefore, my Fellow-Citizens, preserve
That Jewel of Inestimable worth
Your Liberty. —

Arist. They know its value well;
And therefore thought it worthy your Acceptance.
Your Merits, *Solon* have already gained
An Empire in our Hearts — You have the Power,
Refuse not then to take the Title too.

Sol. Believe me, Sirs, I fought not to obtain
Glory, or empty Titles; but to serve

My

My Native Country, and it does suffice me
That I have been victorious in her Cause.

Syr. I hope he'll take him at his word now, and not
carry the Jest too far. *(Aside.)*

Arist. Since then you will not let us call you King,
The Father of your Country we will stile you ;
A Brazen Statue to your Name we'll Raise,
And on the Pedestal shall be inscrib'd,
Solon the Great, descended from the Loins
Of Ancient Kings, the Guardian of this Place,

Tho' call'd to Royalty by publick Voice,
Tho' Birth and Conquest seem'd to aid the Choice,
Firm as the Rigid Laws of Fate he stood
With Godlike Virtue cheek'd th' aspiring Flood,
And to the Charms of Power, preferr'd the Publick good. }

SCENE III.

The Scene Pisistratus's House.

Enter Pisistratus, Syriacus, and Ariston.

Pisistratus. DID you not mark with what Contempt
he cast
His Eye upon the Crown? as if't had been
A Trifle, and not worthy his Acceptance,
Curse on his proud Humility.

Ariston. I did——
And prest it home, but he was proof against
My flattery ; now I could hate my self
For having been so lavish in his Praise.

Pisist. Ye Powers! is this your Minion? This Man fit
To govern Kingdoms, and give Laws? Who when
A Crown lay at his Feet had not the Soul
To take it up?

Syr. In troth were I as *Jove*,

He

He should be none of my Vicegerent,
I would not delegate my Heavenly Power
To such a shallow thing; he little thinks
He's as-plaid our Game for us, the Town has set
Her Heart upon this Change, nought but a King
Will now go down, let who's will be the Person:
Just so Green-sickness Girls, when once they long
For Man, no Remedy beside can cure 'em,
And force their stagnate Blood to circulate.

Arist. I thought indeed I heard the People mutter
Imperfect Curses 'twixt their Teeth.

Syr. They did——
For by this Change each Scoundrel hop'd to mend
His tatter'd Fortune, above half the Town
Expected Court-preferments.——

Arist. Did you not mind,
Apollo's Priest? Lord, how the good old Man,
Foam'd at the Mouth, with holy Zeal, to think
What Huge Oblations greedy Altars lost,
What Coronation Offerings, with some
Odd Perquisites belonging to his Function!

Syr. He may be serviceable if he pleases,

Arist. I'll find some way to fix him in our Interest,

Pisist. Tell him I am the veryest Purblind Zealot,
That ever Squandred an Estate away
To Superstitious Uses, that I'd purchase
Apollo's Favour at the dearest Rate.

Syr. That is, my Lord, you'd Bribe the Man to Dream,
And father Lyes on *Phœbus* for your Service.

Arist. He shall, he shall, leave that to me, my Lord.

Pisist. 'Tis well—how stand the Citizens affected?

Syr. Rife for Sedition, as they always are,
Loudly exclaim in publick 'gainst the Taxes,
Condemn the present Government for great
Mismanagements, they hope to see Redress'd,
When once Affairs are govern'd by a single Head.

Arist. Yet one thing more, 'twere not amiss we had

Somer

Some dirty Story to disgrace him with,
The better sort, a plausible Pretence
To strip him of his Legislative Power,
As if he had abus'd the Trust Repos'd.

Pisist. *Ariston*, right, Project.

Arist. As thus suppose——

We give out in Speeches, that before
His Law for Cancelling of Debts was publish'd,
Some of his Friends, in Trust for him, took up
Vast Sums of Money.

Pisist. It likes me well,
Oh what an admirable Talent thou hast got at Calumny! —

syr. Ay, but the Proof,
How shall this Tale gain Credit?

Arist. Easily.

Suspicious in such Cases pass for Proofs;
It is most certain, *Conon*, *Clinias*, and
His Friend *Hipponicus*, not long
Before the Proclamation, did contract
Great Debts, and *Solon's* Intimacy with
'Em, will suffice for Proof.

Pisist. Profoundly well

Contriv'd, how happy is the Man that has
So true a Friend, so great a Councillour
As thou? Now, on my Soul, thou'rt fit to be
Chief Minister of State to *Jupiter*;
To Form wise Schemes, and lay Foundations for
Yet unborn Empires——

Sure the Judicious Spirit of *Ulysses*,
Does rest on thee; As he was born to be
The Bane of *Troy*, so thou wert sent by Heav'n,
To Cut this Pedant down from the vast Height
He's mounted to, and place me in his Room.

Arist. 'Twill please me well, my Lord, to be the Step,
On which your foot may rest, to mount to Greatness,
But it is time we go to give it vent;
We shall attend your Lordship at the Masque.

[*Ex.*
Pisist.

Philosophy no Defence against Love.

17

Pisist. Till then let busie Thoughts of Empire rest;
They have already robb'd my Love too much,
Now, gentle *Venus*, I implore thy Aid,
Inspire me with perswasive Eloquence,
To move my charming *Leonissa's* Heart;

So may your Mars, no kind Appointment miss,
May ye enjoy the latest parting Kifs,
And Vulcan's Jealousie, ne'er interrupt your Bliss.
Exit.

D ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Leonissa and Cleodora.

Leonissa. **D**istinction here, as in the Grave, should
be
Forgot, where proudest Monarchs and
their Vassals,

Returning to their Mother-Earth again,
Become as Equal as they were, before
A curs'd Ambition fill'd the Heart of Man,
And Thirst of Homage had new Titles coin'd.

Cleodora. Tho' you'r a Captive by the Fate of War,
No Change should alter my Observance.

Leo. I know Thee nobly born, and since the Chance
By which thou lost thy Freedom, now has made
Our Fortunes Equal as our Births, forget
The hateful Name of Mistress, call me Friend
And wretched Sharer of one common Fate.

Cleo. Alas, my Heart foreboded mighty Ills;
The Moment you exchang'd your Cloaths for mine,
Methoughts 'twas ominous for you to be
Disguis'd, in the Apparel of a Slave.

[Weeps.]

Leo. Weep not for me, for I have learn'd
From the Example of my Noble Lord,
To bear all Fortunes with an equal Mind;
Nor will I think Captivity a Curse,
Since it may prove the means of bringing me
To the dear Master of my early Vows;
One Moment's Converse with him, would o're-pay
My Heart for Ages past of Misery;

For

For all my Sighs and Tears, for all the Frights
My Soul has felt for him; least in the Heat
Of Fight, some Ruffian with unhallow'd Hands,
Should have destroy'd the Wonder of the World.

Cleo. These Men I find are most bewitching Creatures;
For when our Lord does woe me to be kind,
Methinks there is I know not what within me,
That warns me to secure my Heart——But much
I fear I cannot, for each Traitor-sense
Betrays me hourly to the Pow'r of Love.

Leo. 'Twere but in vain, believe me, to oppose
The Force of mighty Love——I once did think
My Heart was proof against his keenest Darts,
Till Godlike *Solon* I beheld——But then
At the First-fight I look'd my self away;
Yet sure, if ever Maid had an Excuse
For Love, I have, for he is all Desire,
As fierce and comely as the God of War.

Cleo. And I, alas, have found too many Charms
In my *Pisistratus*; were I assur'd
He meant what he so solemnly protests,
With pleasure, I could listen to his Voice,
Forget the Danger that surrounds me,
And let the *Siren* steal my willing Heart.

Leo. You need not, *Cleodora*, doubt his Truth,
More than the Pow'r of your own Conqu'ring Charms;
For he is all that's Good and Great, nor has
One Failing that could prove him to be mortal;
Would his Ambition suffer him to be
A Friend to *Solon*——I conjure you therefore,
By all the Ties of Friendship, to forget
These idle Fears——since your auspicious Stars
Have bless'd you with the Pow'r to serve your self
And me, accept the advantageous Proffer.

Cleo. Since you vouchsafe to be his Advocate,
Pisistratus can never want Success.

Leo. Then let me beg you never to reveal

The Secret of my Birth, but as you've pass
For *Leonissa* yet, be still the same,
And when our Lord shall next renew his Suit;
Be kinder to him, speak him fair, and give
Him something to wear in earnest of your Favour.

Cleo. Believe me, *Leonissa*, much I fear,
To touch upon so dangerous a Subject,
Lest I should launch beyond my Depth,
And want the Strength to bring me back again;
But since it is your Cause, I'll venture.

Leo. Kind Heaven reward your friendly Zeal, and grant
That it may prove an Omen of Success——
When thou hast gain'd th' Ascendant o're his Soul,
He will deny thee nothing thou can'st ask;
One Word of thine will then regain my Freedom,
And make me happy in my dearest Lord.
Here, take the Remnant of our Shipwreck'd Fortune,

[Gives a Casket.]

And cull the choicest Diamond to present him—
But here he comes——I can no more——Success
Attend you—— *[Exit Leonissa.]*

Enter Pifistratus.

Pifst. Were I like you, divinely Fair, methinks
I should afford some leisure Hour, to hear
My self ador'd! believe me, should the Pow'rs,
Like you, their faithful Votaries neglect,
Their Holy Shrines would unfrequented be;
And they with sullen Pride might soon enjoy,
Nought but the empty Name of Deity;
'Twere Prudence, *Leonissa*, then to lend
An Ear to my Complaint.

Cleo. Alas, my Lord!
I dare not hear you talk; sure you forget
I am the humblest of your Slaves, and most
Unworthy of your Love; direct it to

A. No.

A Nobler Object, but let me enjoy
My Virgin-Innocence, and Peace of Mind;
The only Treasure I have left.

Pisist. Name not Captivity my Charming Fair,
For you are free and unconfin'd as Thought;
Freely Command this Mansion, and its Lord,
They both are yours—I bought you that I might
Bestow the liberty which I have lost;
The great *Pelide's* Fate, and mind are one,
Who wounded by the Fair *Briseis* Eyes,
In spite of Conquest wore his Captive's Chains.

Cleo. I know not how I can repay you, Sir,
For this surprizing Generosity;
I would not be ungrateful to the Man
That gave me liberty—were I so vain
To think 'twere in my Power—I in return
Would give you back the Prize, which you have lost.

Pisist. That is the only thing you cannot do,
Nor ask I to be free—my Heart is fix'd,
And likes the Place so well, It neer will move;
Oh, that you would be kind, and give me yours.
From the vast height of Joy, I would look down
Upon the Pigmy World, with scorn, and when
Recess from Extasie of Bliss, would give me leave,
In pity to Mankind I would instruct
E'm how to love, how to be blessed like me.

Cleo. I should, but make a bad Exchange, my Lord,
To enslave my freeborn mind, to gain
A Manumission for my Person;
Take back again your proffer'd Liberty,
If I must buy it at so dear a Rate;
You'll quickly wake from these delightful Dreams;
I shall not long be lovely in your sight;
You will be free, and I the Captive still.

Pisist. Oh never, never, 'tis impossible;
Sooner shall Saints grow weary of their Heav'n,
Then your *Pisistratus* account it irksome,

To bear your Yoke, or think of being free.
 When e'er I do, may every Pow'r, whom I
 Have call'd to Witness for my Truth, pour down
 His heaviest Curses on; my perjur'd Head,
 Drive me wide from the Pale of human Nature,
 And make me lead a wretched Life with Brutes.

Cleo. Take heed, my Lord, what 'tis you swear; the Pow'rs,
 If you are false, will take the Forfeiture,
 And vindicate their injur'd Rites; but if
 You mean to keep the Vows which you have made,
 As I have Charity to hope you will,
 You may expect to meet with such Returns,
 As Honour will admit.

Pisist. I ask no more,
 Tho' the Blind Goddess stript you of the Wealth,
 Which you were Born to Heir, her utmost spite
 Could not Eclipse the Beauty of that Face,
 The greatest Riches Heaven can bestow—
 When *Cytherea* rose from *Neptune's* Bed,
 Naked as Nature, and all over Charms;
 What King would have desir'd a Richer Dow'r,
 Than the vast stock of Beauty which she brought?

Cleo. 'Tis Fancy sets an Estimate on Beauty,
 And since you're pleas'd to put so high a Price
 On mine, as the best Wish I can bestow,
 May Strength of Fancy help you still to find
 More Beauties in me, than I'm Mistress of;
 And may I never live to see that Fancy pall'd,
 I wish I had a more substantial Dow'r,
 But what the Chance of War has left me,
 Please you to wear for *Leonissa's* sake.

[Takes a Ring out of the Casket and gives him.

Pisist. Thus low let me receive the Gift, and kiss

[Kneeling.

The hand that gave it me— But is this all?
 Severest Honour sure permits thus far; [Kisses her Lips.
 And where's the Harm, if we again repeat

What's

What's Lawful?—

Clean Were once the Limits of the Law
Become our Boundaries, too soon I fear
You would grow weary too of that Restraint,
Wish to indulge your most unlawful Fires,
And give a Loose to every rash Desire.

Pisist. No, thou hast something sacred that Surrounds,
And Guards them even from unruly Thoughts;
The boldest Ravisher that ever forc'd;
A Virgin's Chastity, struck with the Awe
Of thy commanding Eyes, would tremble melt
Like Snow before the Scorching Rays of *Phæbus*,
Into Submission, and adore thy Beauties
Oh, for a Crown to share with such a Consort!

*Flush'd with the Influence of thy Eyes,
I will about the Glorious Enterprize.*

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to Cleanthus's House.

Enter Cleanthus Solus.

Cleanthus. **W**HAT a rare thing is this same Philosophy? I have had more Followers to day, and a greater Train, purely for the sake of my personal Merit, than the General himself; but as to my place at Court that should have been; without all doubt, I shall have no such thing, shall I then lay aside the seemly Garb of a Philosopher, and be plain, *Cleanthus*, again in every Fools Mouth? No, I will persevere, and give the Common-wealth such proofs of my Wisdom and Abilities, by doubting much, speaking little, thinking less, and being very precise in the Form and Manner of Speech, and Action, (as my Tutor has it) that they shall reverence me as an Oracle.

Enter

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. Hey day, What have we got here?

Clean. A Philosopher—

Phæd. A Philosopher? A Fool, you mean; Is this pretty Party-colour'd Garment, the Habit of a Philosopher? Methinks, 'tis high-time to leave off Masquerading at these Years—

Clean. Why then, *Phædra*, I tell thee once more, I am not the *Cleanthus*, that was, but a Reverend Sceptick Philosopher; and this Habit which thou profanest by the Name of Masquerade is the proper Robe of, or belonging to that Noble Profession.

Phæd. Come, come, The Jest is insipid, I assure you, Sir, and becomes you as ill, as fawning did the Ass in the Fable.

Clean. Compare me to the Ass in the Fable? But that I am a Philosopher, and cannot be provoked to do any thing unworthy of my great Profession; really I would let you know what it was to abuse a Man that is the Wonder of the whole City.

Phæd. Extrems of all Kinds are wondred at, and a Jack-pudding has always more Followers than a Wiser Man.

Clean. What, again? I doubt, you forget I am your Lord, and Master.

Phæd. You my Lord and Master! Why, did we not agree before-hand that I should wear the Breeches?

Clean. What of all that? For Male-administration, we in our great Wisdom, have thought fit to re-assume the Government into our Hands again, for as I told you before, I am not the *Cleanthus* that was — But —

Phæd. A greater Changeling than before, and less fit to govern than ever: And therefore to prevent Male-administration, I shall take care to keep the Government in my own Hands still, Sir.

Clean.

Clean. Nay, then, Madam, 'tis fit I exert the Authority which the Laws have given me—I would have you take notice, that by Virtue of a certain Edict, lately pass'd by the Senate, for the better regulating of Women, you are prohibited gadding abroad as you have done formerly; and I shall take care to see that Law put in Execution.

Phad. And I would have you take notice, Sir, that by Virtue of another Edict, lately pass'd by the Senate, in Favour of Heiresses, it is enacted, That if their Husbands be old and impotent; they may have the Liberty of choosing one to supply his Place. And I shall take care to see that Law put in Execution.

Clean. But you were no Heiress when I marry'd you; and therefore, I doubt, you are not intitled to that Law.

Phad. No matter for that, I'm one now; and if my Conscience tells me, I'm within the Equity of the Edict; I care for no more.

Clean. I doubt, there will be but very little Conscience in cuckolding your Husband.

Phad. But, I'm sure, there will be a great deal of Satisfaction in it.

Clean. Well, Patience is a most admirable Philosophical Virtue—but really, I doubt, I shall not be able to contain my self much longer; therefore, I advise thee to desist.

Phad. Desist? Why, where's the Danger, pray? What proofs have you given me of your Courage, that I should be afraid of you?

Clean. Nay, I know, thou hast a Receipt to allay the Courage of *Mars* himself; but I am not for making use of it at this time.

Phad. Nor at any other; Come, come, Sir, 'tis well known what Proffers I have refus'd; my Lord *Pisistratus* would ha' giv'n me 20 Talents to have granted him a Favour: And had I thought 'twould ha' been my Misfortune to have fall'n into the Hands of such a moving Monument; such a Piece of Form; such a Sign of a Man as you

E

are;

are; I should ha' been wiser—Oh, that I should fling myself away, as I have done! [Weeping.]

Clean. Victory, Victory, Victory! We have stood all the Enemy's Darts, and the Field is our own.

Phad. Have you so, Sir? (*Boxes him*) No, I assure you, to carry on your own warlike Simile; 'twas only a Halt to decoy you, and you have fall'n into the Ambush.

Clean. A very sudden Turn really; but 'tis a just Judgment on me, for not retaining the wise Precepts my Tutor gave me; and being puff'd up with the Pleasures of Victory; but I am a Philosopher, and shall bear it with an equal Mind.

Phad. As much of the Philosopher in bearing as you please; but have a care of rebelling again, and endeavouring to dethrone your Sovereign Lady, and Mistress.

Clean. O Philosophy, Philosophy! Assist me, that I may not be mov'd with these Reproaches—

Phad. In the next Place, Sir; I advise you for the Future, have a care of bullying my Maids, and threatening 'em with Terrours that are not about you.

Clean. And do'st thou love me well enough then to be jealous after all? Really that makes amends for all the Affronts thou'st put upon me—and I will kiss thee for't. [Going to kiss her.]

Phad. Foh, Brute, [*Thrusts him from her*] keep your Distance, I love you? No, I neither love, nor am jealous of your Love, Sir. But I have a Jealousie of Pride, and I would not have the World think, that the Man I have honoured with Marriage, should dare to have one stray Thought; therefore, Sir, if you mean to keep Peace, and Quietness at home, be sure remember what has been said; and may *Juno*, the great Assertress of Petticoat-Government, give you Grace to apply it aright; so, most Reverend Philosopher, I leave you to your wise Meditations, Exit.

Clean.

Clean. Passive-obedience and Non-resistance with a Witness; yes, indeed, I shall be either a Philosopher, or a mad Man very shortly.

*For Marriage of no middle State admits,
Superlatively good, or bad by Fits——
'Tis either Heaven, or Hell; just as it hits.*

}
Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Pisistratus, Solon, Senators, Ariston, Stratocles,
Cleanthus, Syriseus, and Attendants——*

Pisistratus. **T**O Victory and Mirth this Day be Sa-
cred;
Let solid Joy and Satisfaction smile
On every Brow, no Discontent appear.

Please you to seat your selves, my Noble Friends, —
And share the Pastimes which I have prepar'd;
Come, my Lord General, this Place is yours.

Solon. You may command me——VI

Pisist. My Lords!

Give order all my Fellow-Citizens——
Of what Degree so e'er, have free Admittance,

And bid the Masque begin——
The

*The Masque.**Orpheus and Euridice.**The Scene a Cypress Grove.**Enter Orpheus in a Melancholy Vein, singing to his Lute.*

I.

Orpheus. **W**ide as the distant Poles I've sought
 The best of Women but in vain
 Assist to ease the wretched Thought,
 Ye Powers, and Lull the Racking Pain.

II.

Thro' spiry Grasse, and idle Groves
 The moody Virgins fond retreat;
 I flew wing'd with a thousand Loves,
 But ne'er could trace her nimble Feet.

III.

I call'd to every Nymph and Tree,
 Still as my eager Fancy rov'd;
 With moving Notes enforc'd my Cry,
 Sure never Swain like *Orpheus* lov'd.

IV.

Nothing but Echo answer'd me,
 The faint Resemblance of her Voice,
 Returning back *Euridice*,
 The Nymph's Delight, and Shepherd's Choice.

V.

But since the God of Art's my Sire,
Calliope my Parent Muse
 I'll borrow from the one my Fire,
 The other Softness shall infuse.

The

VI.

Then, *Phæbus*, touch my wandring Thread,
Thy Influence and thy Fingers spread;
O Mother tune my nimble Tongue,
Strike ev'ry Fibre with Enchanting Song.

VII.

Give me those artful Strains that drew,
Stones from their aged Cells, and flew
Thro' Nature's Bed, made loosn'd Strings,
Dance thro' the Plains on Numbers as on Wings.

VIII.

Arm'd with the Pow'r of Voice and Lute,
(United force must strangely move)
To *Pluto* I'll endear my Suit,
Melt the Tyrant below, as I've Monsters above.

Enter Pluto.

Pluto. Mortal whoe'er thou art that dar'st presume
Thus to disturb the dark Abode
Of *Pluto*, and so rashly tempt thy Doom,
Be gone, avoid the fatal Road.

Orph. O, *Pluto*, direful God of Hell!
To whom by Sacred Lot it fell;
The Mansions here below to sway
Thy dread Commands I will obey.

Yet suffer me before

I go a doleful Tale t' impart;

A Tale will move your Rugged Heart.

Orph. For you great *Pluto* tho' a God have prov'd
E'er now the Pow'r of mighty, mighty Love.

Euridice the brightest Fair

That ever grac'd the *Thracian* Plains,

The soft Repose of anxious Cares

The Envy of the *Thracian* Dames.

The Mistress of my early Choice,

The Nymph for whom I tun'd my Voice,

Lay

Orpheus and Euridice.

Lay circled once within these happy Arms
And bless'd me with a thousand, thousand Charms;

But now she is no more.

Bit by a poyson bearing Snake

She's fled to your Lethæan Lake,

O! Give her to these Arms again,

And ease a mournful Lover's Pain.

For you, O Pluto, tho' a God, have prov'd,

E'er now the Pow'r of mighty, mighty Love.

Plu. Now by the Horrors of the Deep,

By Chaos, Darkness, Night, and Sleep

By all the Torments here below,

By all the fiery Streams that flow;

Such Harmony ne'er touch'd my Soul,

Then Mortal move thy Suit without Controul.

Whilst thy Harp and Voice do charm me,

Fear not, nothing here shall harm thee.

Orph. Then give her to these Arms again,

And ease a mournful Lover's Pain;

For you, O Pluto, tho' a God have prov'd,

E'er now the Pow'r of mighty, mighty Love.

Plu. I own the Magick of thy Lyre,

And will comply with thy Desire;

But turn thy Face and have a care

As thou esteem'st the Charming Hair;

Look not behind thee, if thou dost

Euridice's for ever lost.

Pluto Strikes the Ground with his Keys.

Ascend you Fiends that keep

Th' Accesses of the Deep;

Go fetch Euridice,

Go tell her she is free.

Enter Fiends and Euridice.

Fiends. Since thou great Pluto hast revers'd her Doom,

Euridice and we thy Slaves are come.

Plu.

Orpheus and Euridice.

31

Plu. Thy former Joys I here restore,
Be happy Orpheus as before.

Chor. Look not behind thee, if thou dost
Euridice's for ever lost.

Orph. By Heavens I can't forbear,
I must behold the Fair.

(*Looking back the Devils hurry her off the Stage, and the
Scene closes.*)

Alas, alas, I am undone,
She is irrevocably gone,
O thou relentless God of Hell!
I will thy Rage and Fury tell,
Teach Vultures and the Ravens young
To croak thy Fierceness in their Midnight-song.
With Charms I'll raise the dreadful Host,
That I may see the raviſh'd Ghost,
And force the brazen Gates again,
To let despairing Orpheus in:
O plunge me in Obscurity,
Or give me back Euridice.

[*Sitting down pensive.*]

Unbend, unbend, thy Cords,
Since Hell no Pity affords.
Harmonious Numbers now shall cease,
The trembling Nerves no more shall please;
Mankind to Wildness shall return,
No Musick hereafter shall charm me,
No Woman besides her shall warm me,
As I lov'd her at first, still for her I burn.

[*Throws by his Lute upon the Stages*]

Enter the Thracian Women.

1. W. Is this the fond Deceiver of our Hearts,
That melts the Virgin into tender Vows.

2. W. Both Man and Beast with lawless Force he bows,
While

Orpheus and Euridice.

Whilst he his wondrous Notes imparts,
Cupid and he have equal Darts.

3. *W.* Alas, his Lute and he forsaken lie;
But sure the God of Musick cannot die.

4. *W.* Arise, and quit thy Love-sick Dream,
Orpheus, begin a nobler Theme;
In bounding Numbers bear us down the Stream,
Thy noble Rage will give us Terror and Delight.

5. *W.* Give o'er fond Fool, thy Mourning cease,
Nothing but Musick can the Burthen ease,
Instruct our Song and Senses please.

Orph. Cannot the Ghost of Fair Euridice
Appease the angry Shade?
Fairies and Witches round me fly,
And Solitude it self invade;
Hence, hated Monsters, quit the Grove,
You all the Passions move
But that of tender Love.

*No musick hereafter shall charm me,
No Woman besides her shall warm me;
As I lov'd her at first still for her I burn.*

1. *W.* Then wilful Tyrant know thy Doom
This Cypress Grove shall be thy Tomb;

2. *W.* Since none but the departed She
Can force thy rigid Harmony;
Go, and bear her company. *(Going to kill him.)*

He playing they start off.

Orph. No Musick hereafter shall charm me,
No Woman besides her shall Warm me;
As I lov'd her at first, still for her I burn.

3. *W.* Rash Orpheus, do not urge thy Fate,
A thousand Dangers round thee wait.

4. *W.* Unwary Orpheus does not know,
That ev'ry Woman is his Foe.
Be gentle Orpheus whilst you may,
We are young and gay,

Tune

*Tune your Keys and play;
Or you shall be the Victim of the Day.*
5. W. Since we have lost our Charms,
No Nymph shall triumph in your Arms;
A stubborn Lover ought to die,
And thus we seal our Destiny.

[Hurrying him off the Stage.

Solon. By this, you've shewn how much you do rejoyce
at Athen's Welfare, long may she be blest'd in such a
Son [Going.

[Shaking hands with Pisistratus, he sees the Ring and starts.

Pisist. What ails the General?

Solon. 'Tis nothing, 'tis a Trick I've got; I do it frequently.

Arist. I fear'd your Lordship had been ill—

Solon. No, no, I thank you, I'm well enough;
My Lord, good Night.

Pisist. A good Repose to you, my Lord.

Solon. [Going, but returns] Yet, hold, I had forgot; I
should confer with you about Affairs of some Importance.

Pisist. With me, my Lord?

Solon. Yes——you will excuse me. [To the Senators.]

Senators. By all means: We are your Lordship's most
humble Servants —

(Whilst Pisistratus waits on 'em to the Door.)

Solon. [Aside] The very Ring I gave to Leonissa!

Oh, Reason, Reason, guard me from my self!

By my own Maxims, that I mayn't betray,

The Weakness of my Heart.

Pisist. Your Will, my Lord.

Solon. You have perus'd the Laws which I have made
'Gainst Usury, and for discharging Debts.

Pisist. They've done your Country so much good, my
Lord,

They will for ever be remember'd.

F

Solon.

Solon. What if we should repeal those Laws again?

Pisist. Those for discharging Debts, my Lord, d'ye mean?

Solon. Them did I say? No, *Draco's* Laws, I meant.

Pisist. They are severe indeed, That Lawgiver
Has writ all his Decrees in Blood:

Solon. You hold it then convenient, do you, that
The Rigour of those Laws be mitigated?

Pisist. You honour me too much, my Lord, to think
Me worthy to advise.

Solon. Nay, good, my Lord!
Forget this over Courtesie, unless
I am unworthy of your Friendship, and
You would that I should keep at distance still;
I am no God, that I should act alone,
Directed singly by my own Resolves;
And whom in all this City could I find
More worthy to consult than you?

Pisist. In my Opinion, 'tis expedient, Sir,
For he who has incurr'd the Penalty of Death
By trivial Faults, will else go on ———
Embold'ned by Despair, and sell his Head
At no small Price ——— I hop'd, e'er this, you had
Prepar'd the Law ready to be proclaim'd.

Solon. When 'tis perfect you shall see't; mean time,
My Lord, let us no longer be such Strangers,
But keep that Correspondence, which becomes
Our near Affinity. ———

You have not lost your curious Temper yet,
I find, nothing that's rare can 'scape your Hands,
That Ring, has got the finest Lustre I
Have seen; Whence came it pray?

Pisist. Excuse my Silence;
A Secret does depend upon't.

Solon. Nay, then, I was to blame; but I will ask no further.

Pisist. Methinks, I fain would tell you, if I dur't;
There are few Secrets that I should conceal From

From you, but this is such an One, I blush,
When I remember't——

Solon. That's impossible.

I know you can do nought, you'd be asham'd of.

Pisist. There is no ill in it, neither; but I would
Conceal my Weakness from the World, much more
From you; who having gain'd a Conquest o'er
Your self, look down on poor misguided Man,
A Slave to every Passion, least you should
Recant the Friendship which you have prefer'd,
Disdaining to hold converse with the Frail

Pisistratus.

Solon. No Man can boast Perfection.

I have my Failings too, as well as you,
And 'tis an Argument you have but few,
Who are so much asham'd to think of one.

Pisist. Can you forgive my Folly then, if I
Should own that I esteem this Ring beyond
Th' intrinsic Value for her Sake that gave it?
Will you not tell me, Love and Reason are
Incompatible?

Solon. No——Love I must own
Is the most dangerous Enemy to Reason;
Because Almighty Nature pleads for him,
And almost justifies what e'er he does;
But yet 'tis possible, the Object lov'd
May be so excellent, so very rare,
That Love may be th' Effect of Reason.

Pisist. Then mine is so——for She is all that's rare,
The Pride and Master-piece of Nature's Works;
When she was made *Olympus* Counsel sate,
Each Deity some Gift on her bestow'd;
Wisely contriving how to let us know
By her, what charming Beauties dwelt above,
That we with greater Ardour may pursue
Our destin'd Course, and haste to mount the Skies.

Solon. *Hellen*, who's fatal Beauty cost the Greeks

A ten Years War, no doubt was wondrous fair ;
 Yet not so much by *Homer's* Muse extoll'd,
 As this unknown by you ——— what can she be
 That merits all this Praise ———

Pisist. Oh, She is more than Eloquence can tell ;
 Admiring Painters from her Face might draw
 A *Venus* more exact than e'er was seen ;
 Whose Portraiture far surer Shafts should dart,
 Than ever flew from her own *Cupid's* Bow,
 Till the whole World, grown mad with Love,
 Should the same Fate with fond *Narcissus* share,
 Burn for the bare Reflection of a Face,
 And sigh in vain, for what they can't enjoy.

Solon. But has your Deity no Name?
 Or is 't a Sin to call her by it?

Pisist. She has a Name,
 And there's a Charm in every Letter on't ;
 Forgive me, for you've rouz'd my Frenzy, Sir,
 And I could wanton in her Praise for ever ;
 Oh, were it possible for me to paint
 Her as she is, and draw her ev'ry Grace,
 Without the Art of Magick you would know
 'T was none but *Leonissa*, I could mean.

Solon. Ha, *Leonissa*, said you? —

Pisist. Yes—you have heard her Name before, my Lord,
 I find—the Stoick sure is not in love. [Exit.]

Solon. At *Salamina*, if I don't mistake—

Pisist. She's of that Isle indeed —

Solon. *Amphicles* Daughter, is she not?

Pisist. The same.

When you besieg'd the Town so close, there was
 No hopes of Succour to relieve 'em left ;
Amphicles to avoid the Punishment,
 Which he deserv'd for having play'd us false,
 And forfeited his plighted Faith to *Athens*,
 Attended by his Daughter, and a Captive Maid,
 He much esteem'd, endeavour'd to escape ;
 But as his angry Stars would have it, met.

A Gre-

A Grecian Captain, from whose fatal Steel,
Designing short liv'd Quarter, he receiv'd
A Noble Death; and left his Orphan Charge
A Booty to the Conquerour, of whom
I bought th' inestimable Prize. —

Solon. (Aside.) Down busie, Traitor, down;
But are you sure the Beauties of her Mind
Are equal to her outward Form — if so
She well deserves your Love — nor shall I blame
You for these Raptures — but take heed, my Lord,
You don't engage your Heart too deep, for that
Deceitful Sex is full of Artifice,
And when too late you may repent your Choice.

Pisist. Alas, what need have they of Stratagem —
Who can by Force of Arms subdue the Foe. —

Solon. I wish she may deserve your good Opinion;
But do you think your furious Love
Meets with a just Return — ?

Pisist. It must be so — } *Aside.*
And I will sting him home }
I am so vain to hope it does; for when
She gave me this, she told me I should prize it;
Did I know who 'twas that she had sacrific'd
To me. —

Solon. (Aside.) Oh, Woman, Woman! False Woman!
Her Wit I find is not inferiour to her Beauty;
She has learn'd the Art to please, and flatter
Those she knows she must obey;
Poor easie Man, I pity thee that canst
Believe how even when she owns her Falshood;
The very Vows of Constancy she made
To thee, she us'd to him she has betray'd,
And will repeat her Lesson o'er again,
To the next Man she meets — However since
She's by Adoption now a Citizen
Of *Athens*, tho' you bought her she's no Slave;
Be sure you use her not as such. [Exit.

Pisist.

Pisist. Ha, ha, ha, could not Phylosophy defend thy heart?
 Now by the Souls of my Great Ancestors,
 I thought the pleasure of my Love compleat,
 All fullness in it self, and that it could admit
 Of no increase, but this will add to it;
 To be revenged of him that has so long
 Prevented my ascending to the Throne;
 However for thy sake, Philosopher,
 Henceforth, Ple ne'er, by specious Doctrines form

A Judgment of the Preacher's Piety,
 Or, think the Stoick what he seems to be.

[Exit.

Scene changes to Solon's House.

Solon. What is become of all those solemn Vows?
 Those false bewitching Vows of Constancy?
 Ungrateful *Leonissa* is it thus,
 That you reward my ever faithful Love?
 But hold, forgive me, for I blame not thee,
 'Twas I alas, that did my self deceive,
 With open Eyes beheld, and welcom'd Ruin;
 For thou wert Woman, and I knew thee false,
 And yet the Stamp of Innocence and Truth
 So well was imitated in thy Face;
 Who could ha' thought the Coin was Counterfeit?
 Now, where are all the Morals thou hast preach'd,
 By which the prudent ought to steer their Course?
 What not one Manly thought to fortifie
 Thy yielding Soul?—Alas it will not be,

Thou Mock Philosopher; how vain do prove
 All the efforts against the Power of Love?

Enter Thales bringing the Tripod.

Solon. *Thales*, my worthy Friend, welcome to *Athens*,
 Welcome, as peace unto a troubled State;

'Tis,

'Tis, now, about some Seven Winters since
Our Interview at *Periander's* Palace;
So long an Absence, I began to think
Your Memory was weary of my Name.

Thales. Friends, I have few, but when I once have chose,
I do not change without sufficient Cause;
Believe the welfare of my Country caus'd,
My stay——but yet you are no stranger to me,
For I've oft been conversant with Fame,
That Fame, which speaks your Praise so very loud,
So well displays your every glorious Act,
That throughout *Greece* you justly are pronounced
The wisest Man——which noble Character
Entitles you to this—— [Offering the Tripod.

For so the Goddess *Pythias*, has decreed,
This to the wisest, after that she thought
It needless to Inscribe your Name.

Solon. This Prize
Most undeservedly to me you bring,
Your Judgment by your Friendship was betray'd,
Or else you would ha' made a better Choice,
To *Bias*, *Anacharsis*, *Periander*,
Or any one but me, you should have sent it.

Thales. Whilst you so modestly refuse the Tripod,
You give fresh Proof of Wisdom, which you need not,
For all the World already is convinc'd,
You are the Man the Oracle design'd,
And therefore every Learned Man of *Greece*,
Conscious of his own failing, and your worth,
Disclaims all Title to't.

Solon. And who am I——
That I should think my self a wiser Man,
Than they whose hands it has already past?
And by acceptance own my Arrogance?

Thales. Why, you are he that has Reliev'd a State,
That has compos'd all her Intestine Jarrs,
Has giv'n her wholesome and Immortal Laws,

And

And afterwards refus'd a proffer'd Crown.

Solon. Nothing is so deceitful as the Heart
Of Man—it's Mazes are inscrutable,
None but th' All-seeing Pow'rs can tell,
What a vast Difference there is between
Our daily Practice, and our Theory;
Whoever is so credulous to form
A Judgment of us by Appearances,
Would think we soar'd above Mortality.
But strip this Demi-god of all his Wealth;
Let burning Fevers scorch, or Agues freeze him,
Take from him what he loves, or give him Pain
And ev'ry Sense shall soon confess the Man.

Thales. Not to be sensible of Pain or Loss,
Would argue more Stupidity than Wisdom;
We give no Proofs of that, unless we show
That we are sensible of our Mishap,
And yet are able to contain our Grief
Within the Bounds of Moderation.

Solon. That were Philosophy indeed, my Friend;
Shew me the Man so moderate, that can
Forbear Distraction, when the Hand of Heaven
Wounds him most sensibly in what he loves;
Suppose a Parent, Brother, or a Child;
Or if there be a Name yet dearer, think
It that—

Thales. A Friend, you mean, suppose it so,
Now by dread, *Jupiter*, I swear, these Orbs
Ne'er witness'd yet a more delightful Object,
Than Thee, my Friend, my Soul's best Counterpart;
Yet should the unrelenting Sister's cut
Thy Thread of Life, tho' my Heart bled for thee,
My flowing Eyes should not confess the Weakness.

Solon. But is there not a Name more moving yet
Than that of Friend, oh think it for me *Thales!*
And spare my Blushes.

Thales.

Thales. There should not, I'm sure.
Be any Name more dear than Friend, amongst
The wise or honest; and I should be loth
But to support you otherwise, it cannot be. —

Solon. Fain would I own my Weakness if I durst,
But still Confusion stops my Utterance. [Aside.
Oh, *Thales*! Since I last beheld thy Face,
Can'st thou forgive me? I have been —

Thales. In Love:
By that unmanly Accent of thy Voice;

Solon. Too true, I own I've been a Traitor to thee,
Love has dethron'd thy Noble Friendship,
Has got Possession of my foolish Heart;
One would ha' thought the Fort impregnable,
That had so strong a Garrison within.

Thales. Then from this very Moment I disclaim thee,
Thy narrow Soul was never large enough,
To entertain one generous Thought of Friendship,
Else it had never own'd the Pow'r of Love;
Give me my Heart again, my honest Heart
That knows no Guile; I freely give thee back
Thy studied Speech of artificial Vows,
False Protestations, and dissembled Friendship;
Here, take thy Trumpery, 'twas all but Air —
And thus I blow it the — [Passes at him going.

Solon. O *Thales*! Thou Physician of my Mind,
I do conjure thee by the Name of Friend,
Stay and assist my Cure, for I will take
The bitter Daught from thee. —

Thales. Prithee go coin
Some new indearing Name to cheat me by,
I doom thee by thy own Confession, thou
Hast not the least Pretence to that, besides
Thou'rt past all Cure, and Charity would come
Too late to thy Assistance. —

Solon. No, believe me,
There's something noble yet within my Breast,

That labours hard for Birth: now should'st thou see
 A Shipwreck'd Stranger making to the Shoar,
 Half spent with buffering the greedy Billows,
 That yawn'd, and widely gap'd to swallow him,
 Surely thou would'st put forth a pitying hand,
 And welcome him to Life again.

Thales. I would,
 And by his Danger learn to shun the Main;
 But there's Contagion in this soft Disease,
 Like *Salmatis* thou wilt enervate me,
 If I but stay to give thee my Advice,
 And whilst with foolish Charity I strive
 To save thy Life, I may be drown'd my self.

Solon. Can you then think it possible to catch
 The Malady at second hand? That thought
 Might make you have Compassion on my Weakness,
 Extenuate the Crime, and lay the Blame
 On my predestin'd Fate, and not on me.

Thales. If Fate were answerable for our Faults,
 Who could be term'd a Fool, or who a Knave?
 What need the three Infernal Judges sit
 In Council on the Dead, who by that Rule,
 Were good or bad by pure Necessity?
 When once resolv'd we make our Fate our selves;
 Then re-assume your Constancy of Mind,
 Dare to be brave, and fright the Boy away.

Solon. He shall obey thy Summons and be gone;
 I will effect the desp'rate Cure, or dye—
 Yet had'st thou seen her, *Thales*; ev'n thou,
 Tho' guarded by thy manly Roughness, would'st
 Confess there was such Lightning in her Eyes,
 That she was Mistress of such wond'rous Charms,
 As might restore fresh Heat to wither'd Age,
 And make it feel the wanton Stings of Youth;
 But then she's false as the unconstant Winds;
 Oh, there is madness in that cursed Thought,
 Faith, Truth, and Gratitude, where are you fled?

Thales.

Philosophy no Defence against Love. 43

Thales. She's false you say, remember that, then think
She is not worth your Care.

Solon. Yes, she is false,
Too well I know she's false, but yet it is
Too hard a Task to be perform'd at once;
Let me indulge my Weakness but a while,
Bewail her fall from Virtue, and 'tis done.

Thales. With Patience till that Minute I'll attend,
Then try these dang'rous Errors to amend,
T' expel fond Love, and to revive the Friend.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Cleanthus and Phædra.

Cleanthus. WELL, *Phædra*, really thou art ve-
ry Tyrannical; however, do but
let me wear the Breeches when
we go abroad, and I don't care.

Phædra. A pretty modest Request truly; no, I assure you,
Sir, I'll not part with an Inch of my Prerogative; tho' *So-
lon* was Fool enough to refuse a Crown, I am wiser.

Clean. Nay, prithee, good Dear, do—— For I shall meet
my Tutor anon, Ten to one else; and really, I shall be so
asham'd to have him see it, I doubt he will never allow me
to be a Philosopher.

Phad. What care I for that?

G 2

Clean.

Clean. Well then, but for this one Day, Dear; we shall see so many Folks too at the Proclamation, it will be reported, all the Town over, that I am Hen-peck'd.

Phad. Marry come up, Sir, and where's the Scandal if it should? You would but be like the Rest of the Neighbours; I'll warrant you there's never a Citizen's Wife in this Town but governs her Husband, and I prophesie in Days to come, there will be a whole Island under Petticoat-Government; how my Memory will be ador'd in those Days, when the good Wives shall read how Heroically I have maintain'd the Privileges of the Sex.

Clean. Good Dear, let me but govern to Day, and I will so love thee for it!

Phad. Ha, ha, ha; love me for it? There's a Bribe indeed, an old Man's Love; Ha, ha, ha; Why, most Venerable Sir, you don't pretend to love, do you?

Clean. You are always so sharp upon a Body, I'll maintain it, an old Man had better be hang'd than marry a young Girl: (*Putting out a Purse of Money*) Well, I'll give thee this.

Phad. Which I shan't thank you for——all that's yours to mine, already, Sir; sure, you have not the Impudence to think of a separate Interest?

Clean. [*Several People cross the Stage, amongst the Rest Stratocles and Syriacus.*] What shall I do? If he should see me now, 'twould certainly spoil my Preferment, I should never be a Senator——grant me but this one Request, Dear, and I would do any thing in the World thou would'st have me.

Phad. Well then, in the first Place, give me that Trifle; (*He gives her the Purse;*) now; if I should be such a good natur'd Fool, as to indulge your Pride to day, what would you do for it?

Clean. Any thing, any thing, Dear; but good Dear, make hast, for really I doubt they'll be here again quickly, and I shall be disgrac'd for ever.

Phad.

Phad. Then I do expect you should give your Assent to the following Articles——*Imprimis*, I am to go out and come in when I please, without being ask'd any impertinent Questions.

Clean. Agreed.

Phad. In the next Place you are never to come into my Bed-Chamber, unless of my own Free-will, I shall think fit to give you admittance.

Clean. Be it so.

Phad. Thirdly, and lastly, If any Gentleman come to enquire for me, you are not to presume to demand his Business.

Clean. Nay, that's too hard, indeed, Dear.

Phad. I agree upon no other Terms. I assure you.

[A Noise of People coming that way.]

Clean. Since it must be so then, here's my Hand on't.

Phad. Then for this long Day, I am your submissive and obedient Spouse——Bless me, What an Age of Slavery have I to endure?

Clean. So, here he comes, now for my Cue, (*Puts himself in Form.*) Hem! hem! I fear we shall come too late; however, it becomes not the Dignity of a Philosopher to walk faster; Wife, it is our Will and Pleasure that you go behind us.

Enter Stratocles and Syriacus:

Strat. So, my Philosopher, I see you are an apt Scholar, a Man may get Credit by you.

Clean. Why, really, Captain; I have been reflecting upon the State of Matrimony, and I believe there are a great many Persons, who do most ignominiously suffer themselves to be govern'd by their Wives, and as I may say, even to be led by the Nose; which I humbly conceive to be a most unseemly Folly, but I——

Strat. Ay, ay, we had a Proof of your Superiority, but now.

[Clean.]

Clean. Had you really Captain?

Strat. Yes, yes, but there's a Respect due to the fair Sex, which Matrimony ought not to abolish.

Phæd. Thank you, Captain, you are his Tutor, I understand; pray be pleas'd to instruct him in his Duty to his Wife.

Strat. That I will, I assure you, Madam.

[*Stratocles and Cleanthus go to the other Side of the Stage.*]

Syr. And in the mean time, fair Lady, if you please to give me leave to instruct you a little, I shall be very proud of the Office.

Phæd. Will you teach me any thing I don't know already?

Syr. That's more than I can promise you; but I am so good a Master, I dare undertake at least to improve what you have learnt.

Phæd. Your great Promisers are generally small Performers; no more Commendations of your self, I beseech you, unless you would have me take you for a Quack, and then I'm sure I shall never esteem your Prescriptions.

Strat. Nay, I'll appeal to the Lady, if I have not perform'd the Conditions.

Clean. (*Stops him.*) Lord, you are so very hasty; why, I don't desire to have the Money again, only speak a good word for me, to *Solon*, that I may be a Senator.

Strat. Oh, now you talk like a Man of Sense. —

Clean. But, I should have told you one thing tho', I can neither read nor write.

Strat. Poh, no matter for that Man, if you can but say Ay, and No, with the Crowd, you'll make a good Senator.

Clean. Say you so? That's well—But, now in Order to convince you, Captain, how fit I should be to have a share in the Government; you shall see what absolute Subjection my Wife is in to me—Here, *Phædra*.

Phæd. What says my Dear.

Clean. How dare you presume to hold Discourse with any Man, without our Royal Licence first had, and obtain'd?

Phæd.

Phæd. Why, my Dear, there's no harm in what we said.

Syr. No, upon Honour, *Cleanthus*.

Clean. Look'ee, Gentlemen, that I believe, but that my Wife, my Slave, my Household-Vassal, should dare to speak to a Man without my Leave; really, I doubt, it's such an Indignity as deserves Correction.

Phæd. Pray, don't be angry, Dear, and it shall be so no more.

Strat. Come, come, for shame, ben't so morose with the Lady; there's no Philosophy at all in't.

Clean. Nay, good Gentlemen, mistake me not; I am not angry, nor will I do any thing unbecoming a Philosopher, but as a Wife, and Prudent Governour ought; equally to distribute Rewards, and Punishments, as the General had it in his Speech; so, for this Offence, I doubt, I am oblig'd to command her home again; Therefore, I say, *Phædra*, return thee by the way that thou cam'st, without Stop or Stay.

Phæd. (*Aside.*) This is more than Flesh and Blood can bear. Pray, good Husband, let me stay to hear the Proclamation.

Clean. How now.

Phæd. Only one word in your Ear, before I go, (*Aside to him*) unless you recall your Orders, I will this Moment re-assume my Authority.

Clean. Hum! Why, really as you say, there may be something in that too.

Strat. Ay, ay, Prithee, let the Lady stay, *Cleanthus*.

Syr. We shall believe you are angry else, and then I shall be so too for Company.

Clean. Well, for your Sakes, Gentlemen, it shall be so; for once, I pass by this Offence.

Phæd. Thank you good Husband, (*Aside*). Well the longest Day will have an End, that's my Comfort still.

Enter

Enter Cryer and Mobb.

Cryer. Silence there, O Yes, O yes, O yes — hear, O ye People of Athens, whereas the Island of Salamina, is become a Member of this Common-wealth, and all its Natives, Citizens of Athens, my Lord, Solon hath decreed, that no Person, whatsoever, do presume on Pain of Death, to detain any Native of that Island, Captive—So Minerva preserve the State, and Solon. —

[Exit Cryer.

Mobb. Huzza—

Strat. Well, I must away to the General, I shall remember your Business, *Cleanthus*.

Clean. Pray do; for really there are some Abuses in the Management of publick Affairs, which seem to call upon us for our Assistance to regulate 'em—Here, *Phædra*, follow us.

Phæd. You see, Sir, what Pains my Husband takes to keep me in Ignorance; but if you are so good a Master as you pretend to be; I doubt not but, in Time, I shall be learn'd enough for a Philosopher's Wife. [Exit.

Syr. I promise you, Madam, I'll not spare for Instruction.

*Ennervate Age can only whet Desire,
But not Encountering with an Equal Fire;
Young Spouse impatient of the feeble Cheat,
Is forc'd elsewhere to seek for Equal Heat,
And in a Lower finds her Joys Compleat.*

}

[Exit.

Scene changes to Solon's House.

Enter Solon and Thales.

Thales. **C**ALL but to mind what Agonies you felt,
When at *Miletum* once by me instructed,
A Stranger

A Stranger brought the News your Son was dead ;
Conquer'd Philosophy gave way to Passion,
And every Look betray'd the Parent's Folly.

Solon. Rail on, blunt Honesty, and I will hear thee,
There's Friendship in thy Satyr — If thou think'st
The Cure imperfect, probe my Wounds afresh,
And when thou find'st me flinch, say the infection
Is still upon me, and Eradicate
The venomous Remains with Corrosives.

Thales. That Folly was th' Effect of Marriage, yet
Thou must be nibbling at the Bait again.
S' Death, that a Man upon whose Sword the Fate
Of Kingdoms has depended, at whose Nod
Expecting Death has rush'd into the Fight,
And dealt immense Destruction o'er the Plain,
Should basely dwindle to a Woman's Tool,
And turn his Spear into a Peaceful Distaff.

Solon. This too from thee I'll bear, I have deserv'd it.

Thales. Wert thou a thick Scull'd Hero, much renown'd
For Strength of Body, not for Manly Wisdom,
Thy Constitution might have pleaded for thee,
And Brawny *Hercules's* Dotage, serv'd
Thee for a Precedent — But that a Law-giver,
Fam'd for Contempt of Sensuality ;
That *Solon* —

Solon. Prithee, no more, unless thou would'st
Distract me, do not triumph o'er my Weakness ;
I own I have been worse than thou can'st call me,
But the Delusion now is past, the Charm
Has lost its Force, and I have broke my Chains.

Thales. Perhaps, thou think'st so — Do not boast too much
Of Constancy !

Solon. I know I have been frail.

Thales. Thou hast indeed.

Solon. Yet do not blame me, e'er
Thou find'st me faulty — But when e'er thou do'st,
Proclaim me to the World for all that's ill.

H

Enter.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Serv. The Messenger that brought this Letter,
Expects your Lordship's Answer. *[Exit Serv.]*

Solon. (*Opens the Note and Reads.*)

This Messenger will inform you where I am, yet why should I
tell you; had you desired to know it, you might have found me
out e'er now, and delivered me from Slavery.

[Leonissa.]

How would this shock my former Resolutions,
Did I not know thee false as thou art Fair,
But now in vain thou try'st thy little Arts,
The common Frailty of thy Sex has cur'd me. *[Aside.]*

Thales. Whence bears your Packet-date, brings it
Accounts

Of great Importance to the Common-wealth?

Solon. Not very great.

[Delivers him the Note to read.]

Thales. Confusion she has drawn him in again.

Solon. Can'st thou then entertain so mean a Thought
Of me? — No, *Thales*, thou shalt find I once
Can keep a Resolution —

Thales. But now the Case is alter'd — for alas,
Poor injur'd Damsel she bestow'd that Ring,
Upon your Rival for your Sake, no doubt,
That you might learn the Place of her Abode,
And if she gave him something else, she thought
Of you — her mind was still intirely yours.

Solon. I know she's false, and it disturbs me not,
Nor need you urge it further, for were
She still as innocent, as chaste *Diana*,
Deck'd with as many Charms as *Cyprus* Queen,
And brought a Dow'r beyond the Wealth of *Juno*,
Fix'd as the Fates, I here could keep my Ground,
And gaze without Concern upon her Beauties.

Thales. Howe'er 'twas nobly said,

Solon. And nobly meant too.

The Answer I'll return shall soon convince you
Who waits without?

Enter

Enter Servant.

Solon. Go call the Messenger.

Enter Messenger.

Solon. Go, tell the Woman, Friend, that sent thee,
We have not leisure to be foolish now;
As for her Liberty, we've taken Care
The *Salaminian* Slaves shall be releas'd;
And she may claim the Benefit o'th Law,
In common with her fellow Captives.

[Exit Messenger.]

Thales. Thou art a Man again, and I will take
Thee to these Arms — Can'st thou forgive the Language,
Which my Concern to save thy Reputation,
Dealt thee? The Malady was desperate,
And I was forc'd to make the Cure so too.

Solon. No more Apologies, my Friend, unless
Thou would'st recall the painful Memory,
And make me blush, Repentance o'er again.

Thales. Here, take the *Tripod*, thou deserv'st it now,
This single Conquest o'er thy self has made thee
Greater, than all the Battles thou hast won.

Solon. Nay, now the Friend prevails too strongly on thee
I have been frail, and therefore cannot claim it,
This *Tripod*, *Thales*, to the Gods belongs.

*For they, my Friend, to this alone have Right,
Whose Pow'r is boundless, Wisdom Infinite.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Pisistratus and Ariston.

Pisistratus. **A** *Riston*, would'st thou think it? This dry
Sage,
This rough avow'd Philosopher, who is

At open Enmity with all the Senses,
Who has denounc'd perpetual War
Against the Passions, is for all his Morals,
His musty, peevish Maxims, but a Man,
A very Man, and frail as thou or I.

Ariston. That I believe, but yet he plays his Part:
So well, is so compleat a Hypocrite,
The Cheat's past finding out.

Pisist. Hast thou not seen,
A skilful Actor on the Theatre,
Ape Majesty so exquisitely well,
That ev'ry graceful Motion shew'd the King,
Whilst the beholding Crowd with deep Attention,
Silent, gave Ear unto the well-wrought Scene,
Forgetting 'twas but shew, aided the Cheat,
And mourn'd in Earnest the mock Monarch's Fate,
'Till some unlucky Accident, some turn
Not in his part, did take him unprepar'd,
Which in a Moment banish'd all Concern,
And like the Log in *Afop* he became
The Scorn and Laughter of his creaking Subjects.

Arist. Have you then found th' Accesses of his Soul?

Pisist. I have my Friend, just when the Masque was
done.

He said he'd Business of Importance with me,
Which was to learn whence I receiv'd a Ring,
That he it seems had formerly bestow'd
On *Leonissa*; at which time belike
There was some Speech of Marriage to be had
Betwixt them two, but I have put a Stop
To those Abortive Rights, Heav'n ne'er design'd
Such Luscious Dainties for a Stoick's Maw.

Arist. What, does he love her then?

Pisist. Most passionately.

Arist. Ha, ha, ha; is't possible? what the Philosopher in
Love?

Ha, ha, ha; then I suppose he's jealous too?

Pisist. Oh, to the last Degree of Heat and Madnefs,

Th'unbroken Colt's not more impatient of
His Riders weight, Women in labour feel
Not half the stinging Pangs he did, o'er charg'd
With the vast Weight of wracking Jealousie;
He grumb'd for a while like distant Thunder,
Discharg'd his Spleen, and went off in a Clap.

Arist. But sure he play'd the Fool with some Discretion,
Adjusted due Preliminaries, e'er
He took his Leave off Form, and Gravity.

Pisist. Yes, troth he manag'd it so well at first,
Daub'd his Design so thick with Law, and Friendship,
That I mistrusted not what was his Drift,
'Till being too inquisitive, he met —

An Answer stung him so, that he cry'd out
Spite of his Artifice, and squeak'd Confession.

Arist. 'Tis well let's publish him, and make
The Birds familiar with this frightful Scarecrow,
In time they'll learn to perch upon his Head,
You'd hardly think what good our Lye has done;
'T'has rais'd the People's Spleen to such a Height,
That like an angry Gamester, whose ill Luck
For losing part has made him desperate,
They vow revenge tho't cost them all they've left;
In short all things conspire t'assist your Rise.
You need but show your self unto the People,
They'll take the hint, and strait proclaim you King.

Pisist. Thou art my better Genius, and dost call
Me forth to Empire, I will follow thee,
Alcides, thou great Patron of the bold,
And the auspicious Powers, that bless each Brave,
Each daring Godlike Action, now look down,
Prosper my Arms, and I will raise you Temples;
Temples, whose lofty Pinnacles shall vye
With your *Olympus*, for Magnifick Height;
Feast your immortal Nostrials with the Fume
Of Hecatombs, and feed your darling Priests
Fat as their Holocausts with Luxry.

Arist. When seated on the Throne, I shall not doubt

Your

Your Goodness will put forth a grateful Hand,
From Heaven, to help me up to you,

Pisist. Trust me,

Thou shalt be even as the King, *Ariston*,
As I my self in all things, Power excepted.
But Power's a Monarch's Mistress, thou wilt not
Strive to outrival me in that, my Friend;
Know no Restraint beside; my Coffers and
My Heart shall ne'er be shut to thee.

Arist. I will endeavour to deserve your Favour, Sir,
But I must go, some of our Friends expect me,
We are to meet anon, *Syriscus*, shall
Attend you with the Time and Place, my King,
For so I trust you will be soon, Farewel. [Exit.

Pisist. My King! By Heavens, there's Magick in that
Name,

Oh, the Magnetick Vertues of a Crown!
The Sun exhales not Vapours from the Earth,
With half this Efficacy, how I mount
Above the groveling Crowd of creeping Mortals!

*Whilst the delightful Thought inspires my Mind,
Half Deify'd already and Refin'd.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleodora and Leonissa.

Leonissa. **B**E not so tedious, prithee, *Cleodora*,
How sped the faithful Messenger you sent?
Did he present my Letter to my Lord?
Was he surpriz'd when he receiv'd it from him,
What said he to't? Be quick, or I shall answer,
These Questions to my self.

Cleodora. He had your Letter.

Leo. Nay, *Cleodora*, I must chide you now,
Why would'st thou wreck me, why be Ages telling me,
What I can guess without thee? He had the Letter,
I know

I know the rest, for I can judge him by myself,
He press'd it to his Heart no doubt, and kiss'd
It for my sake ten thousand Times, he wish'd
Me there as often, did he not?

Cleo. Indeed!

Leo. I thought so. 'Tis enough, I do believe thee, for
I've been acquainted with his Temper long.
But, why should I defraud him of one Moment,
'Twere base Ingratitude. [Going.

Cleo. Stay, *Leonissa*.

How much I fear to tell her what he said! [Aside.

Leo. Why would'st thou make me so unjust, my Friend?
Think but how *Solon* languishes for me;
Think but thou saw'st him now with folded Arms,
Taking his Progress to some lovely Grove,
There to indulge his melancholy Thoughts,
And unobserv'd enjoy his fill of Grief!
Shall *Leonissa* then prolong his Pain?

Cleo. I have not yet had Time t' inform you.

Leo. What?

Cleo. The Answer which the General return'd.

Leo. No matter, I shall hear it when I see him.

Cleo. Believe me, 'tis of Moment—You must stay,
And hear me.

Leo. Be not so malicious.

Wert thou my Friend, thou would'st not thus detain me.

Cleo. Fain would I keep it from her, but I fear
Silence might be of fatal Consequence. [Aside.
He said he had not Time.

Leo. No more have I,
I knew, before all that thou could'st say, he had
Not time enough to express his Extase,
I have prevented thee; — now let me go.

Cleo. Still, Still, she will not understand me,
Alas, how we deceive our selves in Love! [Aside.
No,—with a look that shew'd Contempt, he said,
He had not leisure to be foolish then;
As for your Liberty, he had taken Care,

The

The *Salaminian* Slaves thou'd be releas'd,
And you might Claim the benefit o'th' Law,
In Common with your fellow Captives.

Leo. Was it for this? 'tis false, I know 'tis false.

Cleo. No, by the sacred Powers.

Leo. I will not hear Thee.

Traytress, no more.—

Cleo. Believe me, *Leonissa*.

Leo. No, false one, thou hast been suborn'd,
By some Malicious Fiend, to Vilifie
The best the most deserving of his Sex.

Cleo. If I have told you any thing but Truth,
Kill me.—

Leo. Thou hast deserv'd it.—

Cleo. No, — I have not ;

But since you doubt my truth, I'll not detain you,
Go, fly to his ungrateful Arms — Embrace
The Man that slights you, and kiss his perjur'd Lips.

Leo. What hast thou said?—

Cleo. Yes, go, and fondly cling,
About his Neck till he shall Spurn you from him. [*Exit.*

Leo. Is it then possible, ye Pow'rs, that he,
The only Man I thought without Deceit,
Should Glory in a helpless Orphan's Ruin?
Was it for this I spent so many Nights
Disconsolate, in mourning for thy Absence,
For this the Loss of Liberty Surviv'd?
Oh, that my Milder Stars had so ordain'd,
I might have dy'd when good *Amphicles* fell,
That I had interpos'd this wretched breast,
'Twixt him and fate—then had I fall'n a Victim,
A Pious Victim to preserve a Father,
And gain'd immortal Glory by my fall.
But now I live, the Scorn of all Mankind,
Despis'd by him for whom alone I liv'd—
Till he shall Spurn you from him,—O that thought
That Cursed thought—ye Powers I cannot bear it!

Ungrateful *Solon*, wretched *Leonissa*!

[Enter *Pisistratus*.]

But this, the Trusty Guardian of my Honour,
This shall release me from the Sight of Man,
And give me an Eternal Rest from Grief.

[Going to stab her self.]

[*Pisistratus* catches the Dagger and prevents her.]

Pisist. My Ears deceiv'd me, or I heard thee joyn
The Name of *Solon*, and of *Leonissa*,
Just as thou wast about to plunge that Steel
Into thy Breast, Names which the Fates and I
Resolve shall ne'er be Joyn'd—

Leo. Oh that they ne'er had met,
Had never learnt to speak each others Name;
Then *Leonissa* might have still been happy,
But now the Sun beholds not such a Wretch!

Pisist. My *Leonissa* wretched? Sure thou Rav'st,
If there be happiness in Love, then she
Who loves, and is belov'd again is blest.

Leo. To love, and be belov'd again, my Lord,
No doubt were happiness beyond compare.

Pisist. Think'st thou my blooming Youth incapable
Of making her those just Returns she Merits?
Think'st thou she were not happier far when clasp'd
Within these Arms, then in a Lukewarm Lover's,
Whose dull Morality allays his Joys?
Or do'st thou doubt my Truth?

Leo. Alas, my Lord!
The Captive Maid, on whom you have bestow'd
Your heart, is not the real *Leonissa*,
Forgive the Innocent Deceit I used,
When I oblig'd my Slave to bear my Name.

Pisist. Confusion! hast thou mock'd me with thy Slave?
Would'st thou have stain'd these Streams of Royal Blood,
With a degen'rate base Plebeian Mixture?
Here, take thy Poniard, use it as thou wilt,
Pisistratus, shall ne'er prevent thee more.

[Gives her the Dagger.]

I

Leo.

Leo. Now you are merciful, my Lord, and I
Will use your present as you meant it.

[*Going to stab her self.*

Pisist. Hold, [*Catches it again from her —*
Should she be stabb'd, and in my House, perhaps
Solon might make the Senate think I kill'd her,
And with my Life I should forego my hopes
Of Empire; by his Jealousie I know
He loves her, and would push his Vengeance home,
Stray, let me think awhile — It shall be so —
Ye Pow'rs, I thank you for this blessed Minute — [*Aside.*

Leo. When will you free me from this Load of Life!

Pisist. Could you then wish to quit this chearful Light,
To spoil that Beauteous Fabrick, which the Pow'rs
With so much Care contriv'd, and be no more?

Leo. Who would not wish to be releas'd from Pain?

Pisist. But Death should be the latest Remedy;
You may have Ages yet of Joy to come,
For Providence will make you some amends,
And bribe you to a Reconciliation.

Leo. No, never, never, till I cease to think.

Pisist. Believe me, Fair One, it afflicts me much
To see th' illusive Fears; be comforted,
And dry the falling Moisture that Eclipses
The Native Splendor of those conqu'ring Eyes,
So sensible does e'ry drop affect me,
I bear an Equal part with thee in Grief;
Offenders should submit to Fate, and not
The Innocent, why should'st thou dye for *Solon*?
He would survive and triumph o'er thy Fall.

Leo. Forbid it Heav'n, that he, the cursed Cause
Of all my Woes, should bear his Guilt unpunish'd;
No — He shall feel the Weight of his Offences,
Then I'll descend in Peace unto the Grave.

Pisist. Then talk no more of Grief, but of Revenge.

Leo. Revenge! That was a friendly word indeed,
But where shall a forsaken Virgin find
A Friend t'espouse her Cause, and do her Justice?

Mime

Mine is a Womanish, a feeble Arm,
And has not strength to push a Dagger home.

Pist. Then call the slighted Woman to your Aid,
Summon Resentment, and let Breach of Vows
Inspire you with uncommon Fury, whilst
You murder him, I'll kill his Reputation;
Stript of his Counterfeit Philosophy,
Expose him to the Mob, the Jest of Boys.

Leo. Yes, I will go—'t had been imperfect Justice,
Had I expir'd before — he too shall fall,

*He the first Sacrifice to Fate shall be,
Then I will plunge into Eternity.*

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Solon and Thales.

Thales. **T**HIS Letter, you perceive, requires we
should

Return with Speed unto *Miletum*.

Solon. So *Phæbus* deckt with all his Glo-
rious Rays,

Once in the Space of a revolving Year,
Just visits the remotest Parts of Earth,
Where all things in Confusion lie,
As if the Hour-glass of Time was spent,
And *Chaos* had her second Reign begun;
Then with a speedy Flight he hastens back
To the more happy Realms of constant Day.

Thales. Believe me, Friend, for now thou dost deserve
That Name——I grieve to part with thee so soon,
How'er, I will be thankful to the Pow'rs,
That sent me opportunely to thy Aid.

Solon. Thou best of Friends, thou Honestest of Men,
Let me embrace thee e'er thou goest: And yet

Methinks one Day, so small a Space of Time,
Ta'en from those numberless thou do'st bestow
Upon thy Country's Service, hardly could be miss'd.
Thales. So far I will indulge my Friendship.

Enter Servant.

Servant. A Woman waits without that has a Suit
To move to you, my Lord.

Solon. Let her come in.

Enter Leonissa in a Vail.

Leo. Forgive me, that I hide my Blushes from you,
I know it is not usual to appear
Thus vail'd before a Magistrate, but mine
Is such a Case——

Thales. Dispatch then, let us hear it.

Leo. The Wealth my Father left me when he dy'd,
Soon drew a Crowd of Suitors to our House,
But one above the Rest by me preferr'd,
A noble Youth, to whose enchanting Tongue
I fondly list'ned, till the Traitor found
A Passage to my unexperienc'd Heart;
In short, we plighted mutual Vows, but he
Forgetting all the Sacred Ties of Love,
Has for a Richer Bride deserted me.

Solon. What did he swear to be your Husband?

Leo. Yes.

Thales. Condemn him to be marry'd for his Folly.

Solon. Whoe'er he is, he shall perform his Vows.

Leo. But that alas, is now impossible,
He dotes so much upon his second Mistress,
Nothing but Death can force him from her Arms.

Solon. Then by the Laws of *Draco* he must dye.

Leo. He shall, and I will Execute the Sentence:

[*Goes to stab Solon, but is prevented by Thales.*

Thales. This comes of Womens Causes—Mistress, stay,
We must not part so neither.

[*Puts up her Vail.*

Solon. *Leonissa!*

Amazing Mystery!

[*Aside.*

Leo.

Leo. Yes, *Leonissa*;

Behold this Face, and tremble at thy Guilt.

Thales. Away with her ; secure the Mad-woman.

Solon. See she be close confin'd till further Orders.

Leo. Inhuman Tyrant, why do'st thou prolong
My Misery? Command me to a speedy Death,
I will embrace it with more Joy, than e'er
I flew to thy ungrateful perjur'd Arms.

Solon. Confinement be thy present Doom, perhaps
We may remit the Penalty of Death.

Leo. No, Traitor, I despise thy Mercy ; Life
Were doubly hateful when receiv'd from thee ;
I only liv'd to execute that Work,
Which to my Sorrow I must leave undone ;
But with my latest Breath I will rejoice,
To think that Heav'nly Vengeance will o'ertake thee,
Thou hast condemn'd thy self, remember.

Solon. Ha !

Leo. Conscience I know will ne'er disturb thy Rest,
But I will be thy constant Monitor,
When dead, my injur'd Ghost shall haunt thee,
'Till Life shall grow as irksome to thee, as
It is to me ——— [*Going out.*

Solon. Yet, hold——unhand the Prisoner——
Avoid our Presence, for a while, we would
Be private.

Thales. Do'st thou beat a Parly then ?

Solon. Not so, my Friend——but since th' Offender says
I have condemn'd my self, I will convince her
E'er she depart, that I am innocent.

Leo. Dismiss me, pray thee, from thy hated Presence;
None of thy formal Rhetorick, thou can'st
Not cheat me twice, I know thee now too well.

Solon. Mistake me not, proud Woman, I am not
About to sue to thee for Love again.

Thales. Those Days of Folly now are over with him.

Leo. 'Tis well, enjoy your Wisdom to your selves,
But let me go.

Solon. First, let me ask thee:

The

The Ring I gave thee, did'st thou not bestow
It on *Pisistratus*?

Leo. Perhaps I did.

Thales. Mark how she would evade the Question.

Solon. 'Tis plain thou did'st, or else how came he by't?

Leo. I scorn to justify my Actions to thee,
But to encrease thy Load of sinking Guilt,
Know Traytor, that *Pisistratus* mistook
My Slave for me, and wo'd her for his Bride;
Hoping her Int'rest in him might procure
My Freedom, I commanded her to take
The brightest Diamond in the Casket, which
I had preserv'd from Rapine, to present him;
Not being with her to direct her Choice,
By Chance she light upon thy fatal Pledge

Thales. Most admirable Turn, thou art a Woman.

Leo. Thou less than Man.

[*Going*.

Solon. Stay, Madam, we will hear you;
Let her proceed—you did not tell him then,
He would esteem your Present, did he know
Who 'twas that you had Sacrificed to him?

Leo. No, Sir, I never did — had I been false,
And list'ned to *Pisistratus*, as thou
For thy Excuse pretend'st, what makes me here,
Why should I leave the Man I love, to plague
The Man I hate?

Solon. By Heav'n's she's innocent—
And I have wrong'd the Justest of her Sex,
Shall I implore her Pardon then, to be
Rejected with that Scorn I have deserv'd?
No; I have given Sentence on my self,
And this shall put a Period to my Shame.

[*Stabs himself*.

[*Thales catches the Dagger after he is wounded*.

Thales. What means this Frenzy, is the Man distracted?

Solon. Yes, I am mad, I own it to thee, *Thales*,
Seest thou that injur'd Beauty?

Thales. What of her?

Solon.

Solon. Have we not wrong'd her think'st thou *Thales*?

Thales. No----

Solon. Indeed we have.

Thales. Then think her innocent,
Go lay thy prostrate Honour at her Feet,
Implore her Pardon for thy Error past,
And melt her haughty Pride into compliance
With Boyish Fears : Believing Fool. Farewell,
Love, Marriage, Cuckoldom, light on thee. [Exit.

Solon. He's gone, I have deserv'd to be deserted
By all Mankind — I know not how to weep,
But I can bleed for her ; this forfeit Life
Shall satisfy her just Resentment.

Leo. No,
Since Life's become a Burthen to thee, live.

Solon. Nay, ev'n in that, the most severe Command,
I would obey you, but it is too late,
E'er *Phæbus* has perform'd his Morning Course,
This busie World and I shall bid adieu ;
My Blood runs cold already through my Veins,
And sensible Decay of Strength forbodes
A speedy Dissolution. [Faints away.

Leo. Inhuman Cruelty ! What have I done ?
Live, *Solon*, live, 'tis *Leonissa* calls thee.

Solon. That Name would charm me back to Life again,
And bribe my fleeting Soul to stop its Course,
Tho' on the Wing to reach *Elysium*.

Leo. Can'st thou forgive me, *Solon*?

Solon. Ask it not ;
Do not oppress me with thy wond'rous Goodness,
'Tis I that have offended.

Leo. Thou hast been, —
Unkind indeed, but yet I cannot bear
This sight, you must not bleed for me.

Solon. Yes, let me expiate my horrid Crime ;
For e'ery Tear which thou hast shed for me,
Repay thee back an Ounce of Vital Blood ;
It moves too slowly thro' this narrow Passage.

[Going.

[Going to stab again she prevents him]

Leo. Hold, Solon, hold, it is too much already,
Come to my Bosome here repose thy Cares,
And I will bath thy Wounds with friendly Tears.

[Runs and Embraces her]

Solon. Ye Pow'rs! I shall expire with Extrasie;
Thou more than human Excellence, instruct me
How shall I thank thee for this Condescension?
Low at thy Feet the guilty Penitent,
Oppress'd with his Offences should ha' lain,
Not daring to behold thy Face, but thy
Forgiving hand has rais'd him up to Bliss.

Leo. Alas, we both have been unfortunate.

Solon. We have, but we will never part again,
By thy dear self, the Sacred'st Oath on Earth,
I swear, no Destiny shall e'er divide us,
My Heart shall ever sympathize with thine,
Grieve when thou mourn'st, and when thou'rt glad rejoice.

Leo. And by the mystick Rights of Love, I swear
Eternal Faith and Constancy to thee;
But should the Fates, for some Offence of mine,
Which Heav'n forbid, e'er take thee from my Arms,
Attir'd in homely Weeds, to some dark Cave,
Where the Suns chearful Light yet never came,
I would retire, and there consume the short
Remainder of my wretched Days,
In horrid Grief, uninterrupted Woe,
Only survive to mourn the mighty Loss,
Pour out my eager Soul in widow'd Sighs,
And follow thee to Rest.

Solon. Oh, Leonissa!

Thou art all Goodness, Love, and Innocence,
The perfect Emblem of the Golden Age,
Before *Astræa* left the tainted Earth.

Leo. I have ten thousand things to say to thee,
As many more to ask, but let's retire,
Apply a speedy Cure to stop your bleeding,
Or Death will rob me of my Happiness.

Solon

Solon. O! What an Age of Bliss ineffable,
Has my own Folly robb'd me of? For sure
It must be Folly, not to doat on thee.

Take your Philosophy unenvy'd now,
You formal Sages that disturb the World,
With peevish Notions of mistaken Wisdom;
Since it must interfere 'twixt her and me:

*Defend me from the Curse ye Pow'rs above,
With Smiles my far more prudent Choice approve,
Give me my Leonissa, give me Love.*

[Exeunt.]

Scene changes to the Streets of Athens.

Enter Syriacus, Mob, and Cleanthus.

Syriacus. Well, Gentlemen, since you are resolv'd to have
a King, consider who has best deserv'd—Let me see,
what think you, Sirs, of *Solon*? 'Tis true, he has pro-
claim'd a Law to give away your Debts, and manumit
your Slaves; but then he wishes very well to *Athens* in
the Main: And tho' he once refus'd the Crown; 'tis pos-
sible he may vouchsafe t' accept it now.

1. *Mob.* No Philosopher, no Philosopher.

Syris. Why, he is no Philosopher, now Gentlemen; his
Mistress has fil'd off the Pedantick Rust, and polish'd him.

2. *Mob.* What has he a Mistress, that us'd to preach so
against Women?

3. *Mob.* An arrant Hypocrite.

1. *Mob.* Ay, ay, away with him, no Hypocrite, no Hy-
pocrite.

Cleanthus. No Cancellor of Debts.

Mob. No setting of Slaves at liberty.

Enter Pisistratus as wounded, Ariston with him.

Syr. Hah, my good, Lord, *Pisistratus*.
How came you wounded, Sir?

Pisist. Had not the Traitor's nimble Flight secur'd him,
We might have learn'd the Person's Names,

K

That

That hired him to commit this Murder on me,
For him I'm sure, I never wrong'd, and therefore
Nothing but Gain could have induc'd him to't,

Ariston. Why, this it is t'advance the Publick good,
And be a faithful Patriot of ones Country.

Syr. 'Tis dangerous in these Factionous Times to speak
One's Thoughts, *{ Whispering Cleanthus so loud .*
Who could it be but *Solon ? { that the Mobb hear him.*

Clean. Why, really I believe so—I doubt
He had some deep Design in's Head
VWhen he refus'd the Crown.

Mobb. So he had, Old Gentlemen, nothing's plainer,
what think you Neighbour ?

Mob. Oh, very plain, *Solon* hir'd the Rogue.

Omnes. *Solon* hir'd him.

Pisist. Nay, Gentlemen, you form too rash a Judgment,
VWhat, *Solon*, that good Man, my Friend, my Kinsman,
VWhose Interest I promoted with such Zeal ?
Sure, you mistake, it never could be *Solon*.

Arist. Because your Soul's a Stranger to Deceit,
You think Mankind as honest as your self,
Come, come, my Lord, the thing's too plain, we know
Your Lordship spoke too warmly in the Senate,
Against the Law for setting Captives free.

Syr. Promoted the *Plebeians* Interest too.

Pysist. If that's a Crime, I own I have deserv'd
This VVound, if that's th' Offence I'm punish'd for,
Then let his *Bravo* pierce this honest Breatt,
And even in Death I shall be pleas'd to think,
That I expir'd a Martyr for my Country.

Arist. Live, rather live, Sir, for your Country's sake.
Oppose your single Vertue to her Foes,
And stem the Tide of Ills that press upon her.

Clean. Ay, Heav'n blest your Lordship, leave us not in
our Distress.

Pisist. Alas, my Fellow Citizens you know
I'm but a simple Senator, my Suffrage
Goes for no more than one in that Assembly.

VWhen

When Votes are ne'er consider'd, only number'd,
Where Faction Lords it o'er the Publick good,
And vile Majority bestows a Sanction
On Rank Injustice, by the Name of Law.

Arist. We beg you therefore to accept the Crown.

Pisist. Wer't thou that Friend, I always thought thee,
sure,

Thou would'st not wish me such a Load of Cares.

Clean. Let us intreat you, Sir, [*Now for a Place at Court.*

Syr. Speak to him, Gentlemen. [*Aside.*

Omnes. We beseech you, Sir.

Pisist. Well, for your sakes, my Fellow Citizens.——

Omnes. Huzza, huzza, huzza.

Long live, King, *Pisistratus*; long live, King, *Pisistratus*.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. I'm come to tell you, Sir, that *Solon* mov'd this
way at the Head of a considerable Party —— you must
avoid the Place, or else prepare to give him Battle.

Pisist. [*Aside.*] S' Death, has my Project fail'd me then?
Far be it from me to desert my Subjects,
No, we will fight this Enemy to *Athens*,
Shan't we my Friends?

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

Pisist. Then Liberty's the word;
Dispose your selves in Martial Order, Sirs,
Then file off to the Right, that we may take
Th' Advantage of the Rising-ground.

[*They go off at one Side of the Stage. Enter Solon, Leconissa, Stratocles, and Soldiers on the other Side.*

Leo. Did you not swear to me but now, my Lord,
No Destiny should e'er divide us.

Solon. Yes, I did.

But I should be unworthy of thy Love,
Should I sit unconcern'd, and let a Traitor
Despoil my Country of her Liberty.

Leo. Consider you are faint with Loss of Blood,
And do not rashly tempt your Destiny.

Solon. Thy Name, my *Leonissa*, shall inspire me
With Martial Vigour, and restore the Blood
Which I have lost; retire thou charming Creature,
'Till Conquest shall have given Judgment for thee;
This fair one be your Charge *Hipponicus*.

Leo. May Heav'n protect and prosper you. [Exit.

Enter Pisistratus with his Party.

Pisist. 'Tis well---you have possess'd the Ground before us;
But the Advantage of the Cause is ours,
Justice is on our Side.—

Solon. How dar'st thou name
That Sacred word, thou Traitor to thy Country?
Was it for this thou did'st exhibit Shows?
For this did'st thou harrangue the giddy Mob?
Pierce thy own Skin, and say thou wast assassinated?

Pisist. Pedant, no more, we came not here to talk;
Swords are the proper Arguments of Kings.

Solon. Who made thee one, by what Authority
Do'st thou usurp the Name? You that have blown
This Bubble to the Height of Vanity,
Forthwith lay down your Arms, accept of proffer'd Mercy
Before it be too late.

[Some desert to Solon: Amongst the Rest *Cleanthus*.

Clean. I beg your Majesty's Pardon with all my Heart,
but really, I doubt it would not become a Philosopher to
fight.

Pisist. These I can spare thee, but we waste our Time,
Fall on my Friends—for Empire and Revenge,

Solon. For Liberty.

[They fight Solon's Party, beat Pisistratus off the Stage.

[Re-enter Solon, Stratocles, and Soldiers, leading in *Pi-*
fistratus, and *Ariston Prisoners*.

Solon. Behold the sad Effects of thy Ambition,
The Blood of slaughter'd Citizens, whom thou
Arch-Rebel did'st by popular Arts seduce,
To be Companions of thy horrid Crime.

Pisist. Fortune has jilted me—but plague me not.

With

With Odious Canting—I am in thy Power,
Now satiate thy Revenge—as I would mine.

Solon. I do believe thou would'st, but I have learnt
To pardon Enemies, and tho' thou hast
Deserv'd to dye—Since I must be thy Judge,
Perpetual Banishment shall be thy Sentence.
You, *Clinias*, go attend him to the Haven;
See that he strait Embark for *Salamin*;
Presume not to Return again, the Day
Thou'rt seen within these Walls, shall be thy Last.

Pisist. Curse on the Place and all that dwell within it.

[*Exeunt Clinias, Pisistratus, and Guards.*]

Solon. [*Looking at the other Prisoners.*]

For these, alas, they knew not what they did;
Home to your Trades again, ye foolish Slaves,
This comes of Idleness—the Man that dares
Neglect the Business of his Craft shall die—
But you, good Sir, you was his Privy Cancellor
What Mountains of Reward in Land of Promise,
Induc'd thee to commit so many Evils,
Thou Vicious Rander to his Lust of Empire?
But *Athens* shall have ample Justice on thee,
That plotting Head of thine shall pay the Forfeit,
Away with him to Execution there.

[*Aside.*]

[*They go off.*]

[*To Ariston.*]

Enter Soldiers with Phædra and Syriacus.

Soldier. Here's another Rebel, my Lord, that took shelter in
this Woman's House; she would have hid him from us; I suppose
she was in the Plot too.

Phædra. What, my Husband there, then I'm ruin'd?

Solon. This was another of his Intimado's,
One of those honest Gentlemen, that us'd
To traffick with him for his Countries Freedom,
Go bear him to his Friend *Ariston*——sharers
In Guilt, should be so too in Punishment.

Strat. I always told this *Syriacus*, what his Politicks would bring
him to at last; thank *Jupiter*, I have not Brains enough to be
hang'd for a Plotter.

[*Soldiers carry off Syriacus, and are going off with Phædra.*]

Phæd. Won't you speak for me then, Husband? Dear Husband.

Cleam. No, Dear Wife.

Phæd. Good my Lord, hear me, am not in the Plot, indeed,
my Lord.

Solon. Art thou that Traitor's Wife?

Phad. No, my good Lord.

Clean. I wish she was with all my Heart.

Solon. How came you then to be so charitable,
To run the hazard of your Life, to save
A Rebel from the Hand of Justice?

Clean. Why an't, please your Lordship, he was in the Plot against
the Government, and she in the Plot against me.

Solon. Are you her Husband?

Clean. Even so, my Lord, to my Sorrow.

Solon. Then thou shalt be her Judge; excepting Death
Inflit what Punishment thou wilt upon her,
You Officers, perform what he commands you. [Exit.]

Clean. Jupiter, Reward your Lordship for this Justice.

Phad. Pray, good dear Husband, forgive me, I never had a
Design to wrong you in all my Life.

Clean. Peace, Woman, do not disturb the Court, we Philoso-
phical Magistrates do all things with mature Deliberation and
Consideration.

Phad. Good Sir, let me beg of you, intercede for me.

[To Stratocles.]

Strat. Have Mercy on her, *Cleanthus*, I dare say, she's very
Innocent.

Clean. Perhaps, I may think so too, Sir; but let me tell you,
'tis a Sign you are no Lawyer, that plead thus without a Fee.

Strat. Come, come, prithee, forgive her, and that will prove
you a compleat Philosopher; positively if you don't.

[Whispering him.]

Clean. Very fine on my word——why, what do you mean
by intimidating a Judge? Ha, I assure you, if you was not my
Tutor, the General should know it.

Phad. Won't you forgive me then, Husband?

Clean. Why, Peace, I say, Woman, one word more, and I'll
send thee to Prison immediately.

Phad. This is the hardest Case that ever was, that a Woman
should be abridg'd the Liberty of speaking.

[Aside, biting her Fingers.]

Strat. [Aside to *Cleanthus*] Consider you had never been a
Magistrate, but for my Instructions—and upon my word, if you
forgive her, I'll take care you shall be a Senator——see but how she
weeps there, poor Creature.

Clean. Why, that's the Truth on't, she would make a Man pity
her.

But

But between you and I she has got one
Plaguy unruly Member about her.

[Wiping his Eyes.]

Strat. Her Tongue I suppose.

Clean. Ay, the same.

Strat. Then condemn her to a Fortnight's Silence.

Clean. By Jupiter, and so I will, — a very good thought,
Here, you Criminal, stand forth.

[Phædra comes toward him crying.]

The Court has consider'd the Nature of your Crime, and because
they are of Opinion you may be innocent, as to what relates to
your Husband; they only condemn you, for your imprudence, to
a fortnight's Silence.

Phæd. Oh, Barbarous, a Fortnight's Silence! [Howls.]

No, No, hang me, Stab me, drown me, any thing, but a fort-
night's Silence. And I'll call you merciful. [She cries.]

Clean. Well, then, it shall be but a Week. [Cries no.]

Phæd. No, No, hang me, quickly, and put me out of my Pain;
did I ever think thou could'st have been so hard hearted. [Weeps.]

Clean. Well, then, do not cry, [He cries] and I will forgive
thee, because I am a Philosopher. [Hugs her.]

Strat. Thou art a Philosopher indeed.

Phæd. ——— But why, so cold my Dear——

Clean. ——— Why, how warm would'st thou have me——

Phæd. ——— As warm as it used to be.

[He hugs her again.]

[Exit.]

Clean. Look'ee Gentlemen, the parties are agreed, I have for-
given her, so, you may go about your business if you please.

Strat. Well, I'll say that for your Citizens, they have the most
Mercy on their Wives, and the least on their Debtors of any
People in the Universe. [Exeunt.]

Enter Leonissa at the Door, and Solon at the other, with Attendants.

Leo. I come to give you Joy, th' auspicious Pow'rs,
Have heard my Prayers, and Crown'd your Arms with Conquest.

Solon. Permit me, lay these Trophies at thy Feet,
Thou brightest Image of the blest above,
I owe 'em to the influence of thy Eyes:
Back'd with the Justice of thy cause, I fought;
And could not fail of Victory.

Leo. So may
Your Arms for ever prosper; may no Plot,

Contriv'd

Contriv'd against your Person e'er succeed;
 With Peace and Plenty crown'd long may you live,
 To Bless your *Leonissa*, and your Country.

Solon. Without thee length of days had been a Curse;
 Thou blest Reward for all my Labours past;
 'Twas such a Face as thine that first entic'd
 The mighty *Jove* to quit the Realms of Bliss,
 When like *Pigmalion* he beheld and lov'd,
 The beauteous Image which himself had made,
 Impatient of delay, he left the Skies,
 Quick as his Lightning flew to *Leda's* Arms,
 And found in her the Joys he left behind.
 But I'll defer my happiness no longer,
 The Priest shall give a Sanction to our Love,
 Lead to the Temple.—

Leo. But before we go,
 I have a Suit to move to you, my Lord.

Solon. Name your Commands, and be obey'd.

Leo. My Joys will be imperfect whilst my Friend
 That Captive Maid the sharer of my Woes,
 Rob'd by this fatal Accident of him
 She loves, has none to whom she may
 Impart her Sorrows, who might Comfort her,
 As she did me in my Afflictions.

Solon. Strait search *Pisistratus's* House for her,
 Go, *Seratoles*, and Bring her to our Palace,
 She shall be entertain'd as She deserves.
 Oh, that my better Genius would inspire
 Me with Fore-knowledge, constant to Divine
 Your thoughts, that with an ever giving hand
 I might bestow, whate'er you meant to ask.

Leo. May Heaven reward you for this Generous Act;
 'Tis Just that Victory should wait on you,
 Who conquer to Deliver the oppress'd.

Solon. For thee and for my Country I can bleed,
 Thus Love and Conquest in their Turns succeed;
 Unpolish'd Morals I'll no longer Prize,
 Converted from my Error by thy Eyes,
 I own the Man that loves is truly Wise.

F I N I S.

